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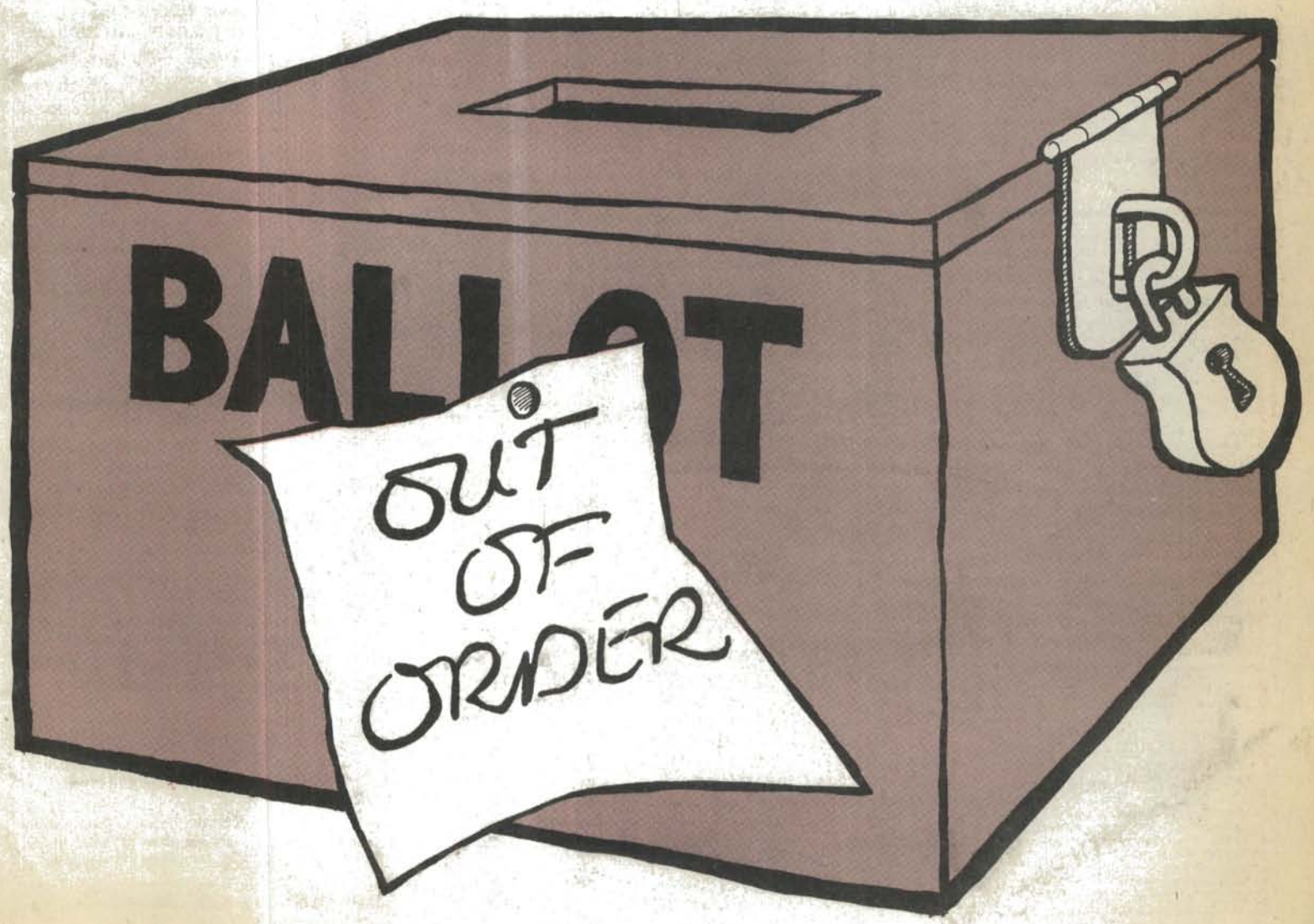
A new union ballot-rigging scandal



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NEW STATESMAN Vol 101 No 2607 6 March 1981

VOTE EARLY VOTE OFTEN

A new union ballot-rigging scandal

Cover drawing by John Minnion

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Social Democrats: more in grief than glory

IT HAS BEEN a long goodbye; hardly a parting, much less a parturition. Emotionally many of the Social Democrats left the Labour coalition months ago, but not in response to some mountainous upheaval outside. They were not, with the odd exception, the twelve most reactionary members of the Parliamentary Party, nor those most threatend by reselection. Their local parties have reacted more with hurt surpise than vengeful delight at their decision. There will be more grief than glory in it, for them as well as for those who remain.

Some of them genuinely want to build a new party of the Left, and still call themselves socialists. But their every effort now will have to be put into the breaking up of the old Labour coalition, for that alone will justify their action. This is not to deny that others have done their part. As Peter Shore warned this week, the balance between party democracy and parliamentary democracy is a delicate one: the struggle between rival elites — a struggle for power, masquerading as a struggle about accountability — would have damaged Labour over the last two years, whether the Social Democrats stayed or left. Tony Benn bears a heavy responsibility with his persistent advocacy of party democracy alone, in the context of an unreformed party structure.

THESE PRESSURES, however, hardly justify what Shirley Williams and David Owen have now done. On the most crucial issue, joint responsibility for the manifesto on which Labour candidates offer themselves to the electorate, Clause Five was actually upheld at the Blackpool Conference, reversing the decision of the previous year. All of the policy options are still in contention, including everything in David Owen's recent book, and Mrs Williams' thoughts on education and employment policies.

If they believe in these things, how long will they be able to carry them into the morass of the middle ground?

The fact is that those who have left face difficulties if they seek to maintain a presence on the political Left. Historically, major defections in Parliament have had to move far across the political spectrum, or be snuffed out by the electoral system like the New Party and the ILP. An alliance with Liberalism that will stick means embracing the rootless opportunism and occasional poujaedism of that movement. Even Mr Steel, a social democrat entryist, who got his chance when the previous mountebank was removed, has to make shrill calls to the new party to disavow socialism. Mrs Williams, once the present media honeymoon is over, will not be allowed to forget that she stood on the Grunwick picket line.

THERE IS also the need for self-justification. Although they say they wish their friends who have remained in the Labour Party well, the Social Democrats will need to go out of their way to make their former party what they say it is, trade union-dominated, insular, hooked on millenialist sloganising. They have not yet experienced the rancour with which organised labour pursues its defectors. This will be a divorce as painful as any other. In the process they would be less than human if they did not move further from both the unions and working class opinion than they may have intended originally.

If the new party establishes itself with ranking minority status in our electoral system it cannot calculate the consequences. If its vote comes predominantly from Liberals, floaters, and disgruntled Conservatives, as may be the case, the more anti-Labour it becomes, then it could let in a minority Labour government, as the Liberals did in 1974, unwilling to govern by coalition but impotent to tackle the problems of the country.

If it takes the majority of its votes from Labour or floaters, by presenting itself as a 'new' Left party, it could keep Mrs Thatcher in power for a generation. Is that what the Social Democrats want? Their answer, realistically, is that they want a no-win parliament which is dominated by a haggle about electoral reform, and from which one of the major parties will concede it. The polarity of British politics after four years of Mrs Thatcher make this last possibility the least likely to be realised.

Many of us who are sorry to see them go, after many years comradeship, fear the negative consequences to what they have done. There are no comforting continental parallels to suggest that a divided Left in this country will not become less than the sum of its parts. Like the preposterous Co-ordinating Committee on the other extreme, they have ignored the fact that a mass party of the Left needs to be a coalition, bound together by its points of agreement. Not for the first time since 1945, an inflexible clash on the wrong issues of both policy and personality has brought disaster.

Faced with the most skilful plutocracy in Europe — Tawney wrote amid the recriminations following the last great split — the Labour movement needs the temper not of a mob but an army. Today we have a mob, above which wave the tattered banners of ancient battles. Marching out, under an equally tattered banner, is no answer. Those of us who stay have our last chance to re-build the Labour Party as a mass party of democratic socialism, resting on the power of persuasion, understanding what it can achieve and what it can demand in the course of a parliament. The paradox of the Social Democrats' departure will be that it spurs the party to achieve precisely what they say is impossible: without them and despite them.

Phillip Whitehead, MP

Julie Flint reports from Spain

The coming coup

FOREIGN REACTION to last week's attempted coup reflects the same complacency that led Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo, now prime minister, to say three days before the Civil Guards seized Parliament: 'The transition is over . . . democracy is consolidated.'

The feeling in Spain is not at all that the frustrated coup was, 'the last convulsion of the Franco regime.' Rather, it appears, the coup led in Madrid by Lt. Col. Tejero and in Valencia by Gen. Milans del Bosch disrupted plans for a mid-March military takeover supported by at least 80 per cent of the army, navy and air force.

Tejero, a well-known extremist, Milans del Bosch, a general with a desire to be generalissimo, and Gen. Luis Torres Rojas, former commander of the Brunete armoured division, decided to make their move after hooded Basque Guerrillas walked at the head of anti-government marches, unchallenged by the police.

When this trio seized Parliament, began mobilizing Brunete and brought tanks into the streets of Valencia, one of the mid-March plotters, deputy chief of staff Gen. Alfonso Armada, decided to join them. But the majority of the military including Spain's all-powerful captains-general, decided against bringing forward their plans to back the rebellion — in large part because the storming of Parliament was broadcast live and did not conform with their image of law and order.

SO TEJERO surrendered, telling journalists he expected 30-40 years in jail but clearly not believing a word of it. Milans del Bosch agreed to fly to Madrid to be arrested, after a meeting ▶

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Duncan Campbell on the failings of the Diplock investigation

White Paper whitewash

THE GOVERNMENT's much heralded new 'supervision' of telephone tapping has turned out to be a damp and flaccid squib. Lord Diplock's report on the 'Interception of Communications in Great Britain' was published as a four-page, slim White Paper on Tuesday.

Like every other government paper on the subject, it entirely avoids discussing the bulk of the subject with which it is ostensibly concerned. The bulk of the 'interception of communications' is done by Government Communications Headquarters and the results passed to other agencies; they, like the Secret Intelligence Service, obtain their warrants on terms unspecified from the Foreign, Defence or Cabinet Secretaries, or the Prime Minister. None of this is discussed by Diplock.

Diplock, however, offers the results of 'random checks' on the origins of phone tapping requests, the method of handling the material and the use to which it is put. He confirms what we alleged a year ago — that there are highly limited 'quotas' in operation for the number of phone taps the police can obtain — and that no such quotas apply to MI5, who have *carte blanche*. The Special Branch are quota-limited when they do not act jointly with MI5 — but their quota is counted separately from that of the rest of the police.

Amid Diplock's cooing reassurance that all is 'in the interests of the public weal', there is one glaring omission. The most unsatisfactory part of recent government statements has been the implausibly small numbers of warrants claimed to have been issued (400-500 in the last few years). It was anticipated that the first of Diplock's regular reports would provide new totals and some form of reassurance that numbers were under control. He does not; and he doesn't even confirm that the totals proffered by the government last year were accurate. He is not expected to produce any further public reports. □

New Statesman

THE NEW STATESMAN has a new chairman: Mr Graham C. Greene, in succession to Dr Richard Hoggart.

Mr Greene is managing director of Jonathan Cape Ltd, and is on the board of the Guinness Peat group. He has a substantial claim to be one of Britain's foremost political publishers, having produced both David Owen's *Face the Future* and Tony Benn's *Arguments for Socialism*, along with the official biographies of Hugh Gaitskell and Ramsay MacDonald, Denis Healey's photographic memoirs, and above all — most scandalously from the viewpoint of the Whitehall mandarins —Richard Crossman's diaries.

Dr Hoggart became chairman of The Statesman and Nation Publishing Co. Ltd in 1977, and has steered the paper through a period of radical transformation. During this period Lord Campbell of Eskan, former chairman of the S&NPC, remained as chairman of the Statesman Publishing Company, which acts as a holding company to secure the paper from takeover.

Early this year, Lord Campbell said that he wished to retire from this post also, and suggested that both companies should again have the same chairman. However, Dr Hoggart felt he could not take on the additional post, in view of his duties as Warden of Goldsmiths' College — which is now negotiating a new relationship within London University — and vice chairman of the Arts Council.

Graham C Greene has agreed to be chairman of both companies. To take over from two such redoubtable figures, and continue the work they have done to maintain the *New Statesman* as an independent voice, is no small task: however, he has the wholehearted backing of the directors of both companies, and of the paper's editorial and commercial staff. □

Bruce Page
(see Diary p 15)

▶ with army chief of staff Gen. Jose Gabeiras.

Of the four generals arrested to date, none are behind bars. All are comfortably installed in barracks, with a battery of telephones. 'Drinking Daiquiris for a couple of weeks,' says one source, 'until a second coup releases them.'

Political sources insist that 'we are in a coup right now.' The government, they say, can do nothing without the assent of the military. Examples abound: A press office opened to inform about the development of coup investigations closed on the very day the investigations got underway. A police intelligence chief who resigned to protest torture accusations is back on the job, after his resignation was accepted publicly by interior minister Juan Jose Roson. Most obviouly, Adolfo Suarez resigned the prime ministership without explanation late in January, saying only that he did not want the democracy he built to be 'a parenthesis in history.'

What happens now, and when, depends in part on the Basque guerrillas of ETA and in part on the reaction of political parties, repeatedly urged by the king not to do anything that night set the military. If ETA keeps its head down, which seems unlikely, and if parties do not protest at paralyzation of home rule and social legislation, the military may be content to let things ride — at least for a while.

But it is more likely that a Basque terrorist attack — or even a Bolognatype attack by the right iself — will cause the military to go to Juan Carlos as a body and give him their conditions: six months of military government, six months of military-civilian government to rewrite the constitution and exclude autonomies — then, perhaps, a return to civilian rule under military supervision.

If Juan Carlos opposes the second coup, sources say, the military will have no hesitation in booting him to exile. For many military men, Franco's hand-picked heir is a traitor. When the King made his first public appearance after the attempt, addressing troops at Zaragoza military academy, there were plenty of shouts of 'long live the army' — but not one of 'long live the King.'

NEXT WEEK: Profile of Juan Carlos.

Rick Rogers reports

The desecularisation of education

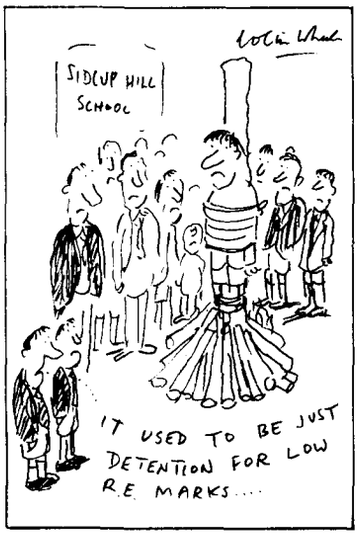
A THRIVING multi-cultural state school in Bexley is to be handed over to the Church of England because the Church's own local school cannot attract enough pupils. Foots Cray C of E primary school, with just 60 pupils, is to 'amalgamate' with the 180-pupil Sidcup Hill county primary school. Sidcup Hill will become a voluntary-controlled or church school run by the Anglicans but still paid for by the local authority.

The deal about to be agreed between the Tory-controlled Bexley council and the Rochester Diocesan Board of Education will enable the Board to replace for free the sub-standard Foots Cray school, which has outside toilets, no school hall or playing fields, with the larger and more modern Sidcup Hill school.

Sidcup Hill parents and teachers are opposed to the plan, which they claim will disrupt the schooling of non-Anglican children and give the Church of England an influence out of all proportion to its local support. Sidcup Hill currently has pupils from a variety of faiths, including Baptists, Methodists and Jehovah's Witnesses. A church school would give preference to Anglican children and place greater emphasis on Anglican doctrines in the curriculum. Leaders of other local faiths have accused the Diocesan Board of acting in secret.

Parents are also angry at the lack of consultation by the council. They were told of the proposed deal by letter on 12 January; the Bexley education committee met to approve the deal only 15 days later on 27 January. It is being ratified by the full council this week, and then goes to the Secretary of State for his approval.

If Sidcup Hill does become a church school, the head and teaching staff will



have to re-apply for their own jobs. Preference is likely to be given to teachers with Anglican backgrounds. There is already pressure from the Diocesan Board for the Foots Cray teaching staff to be taken on at Sidcup Hill.

Bexley council's aims are to cut education spending by closing a proportion of local schools and to ensure the Church of England maintains an educational presence in the area. But if the deal goes through, there will be no non-denominational primary schooling in the Sidcup Hill area. Parents who don't want a religious-based education for their children will have to go outside the catchment area.

This is the fourth state school in England to be acquired by the Anglican Church in the last few months. It is seeking to extend its educational influence in the wake of falling pupil numbers and school closures by refusing to close its own schools or by doing Bexley-style deals with sympathetic Tory councils. The consequences have been a polarisation of local schools according to religious, and in some cases, ethnic origin and the re-emergence of 11 plus selection in hitherto comprehensive areas as church secondary schools refuse to go along with official local authority policy. □

£100 FIRST PRIZE

In this **International Year of the Disabled** we are running a POETRY COMPETITION in aid of CARE (villages for the mentally handicapped). **First prize £100. Judge: Howard Sergeant MBE.** Anyone may submit as many poems as they wish — any subject, any length, (Published or not). NO entry form. Each poem accompanied by £1. A s.a.e. enclosed. Entries to arrive at MEPS before 30 March. *Howard Sergeant's services donated entirely free. All proceeds to CARE.*

THE MARTHA LILIAN AWARD for the most Promising Young Poet of the Year 1981, will be judged and presented by **Gavin Ewart** at the 4th National Annual get-together for Poets at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham 4, 5 & 6 September. Anyone 18 years and under may submit three poems plus s.a.e. & 20p per poem handling fee to MEPS before 30 May. *The award is 10½ inch Chinese Figure.*

THE DOROTHY TUTIN AWARD for services to Poetry, judged by **John Betjeman,** and sponsored with £500 cash prize (COOBAN MANAGEMENT SERVICES SOLIHULL) and brass/glass carriage clock (ACCTIM), will also be presented on this occasion.
This year's recommendations include:
Clifford Simmons (Chairman of NPS), The Joint Founders of the Arvon Foundation, May Badman and Gladys Mary Coles.

ENTRIES/ ENQUIRIES to: Johnathon Clifford MEPS, 153 Coles Lane, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands 021-355 5185

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Tim Owen on prisons

Let them out, says Whitelaw

THE PRISON Officers' dispute has shown that Britain's prison population could easily be reduced without fear of widespread social disorder. This ironic fact emerges from figures released last month by the Home Office. From the start of the dispute on 6 October until the end of December last year, the total number of men and women in custody (including those in police cells) fell by 9.1 per cent. As the prison population normally falls by 4 per cent towards the end of the year, this suggests that the Prison Officers Association (POA) was responsible for reducing the numbers in custody by around 2,500.

Just how this reduction was achieved should give both judges and the police some pause for thought. The total number of men and women held on remand fell by 20 per cent while the number of non-criminal prisoners (maintenance defaulters and those held in contempt of court) halved. The number of male prisoners given a short sentence (i.e. up to 18 months) fell by 12 per cent. These people must have received either a suspended or deferred sentence or been given some form of non-custodial sentence. All this was achieved without any noticeable increase in the crime rate. As over 70 per cent of prisoners are serving sentences of less than 18 months the results of the POA's industrial action suggest that is far too high a proportion.

It is a slightly toned-down version of this message that William Whitelaw is now trying to drive home to a largely ignorant Conservative Party and a judiciary which likes to consider itself immune from Government influence. Both in Opposition and in office Whitelaw has made it clear — by word if not by deed — that he regards penal reform as his top priority. His answer to overcrowding in the local prisons which house the short termers is to reduce the size of the prison population and to build more prisons. Since the POA dispute was settled, however, the prison population has risen rapidly and, on present trends, will soon pass the pre-dispute level of 44,000.

Until now, Mr Whitelaw has preferred 'pious exhortation' in his dealings with the judiciary. Although the Imprisonment (Temporary Provisions) Act gave the Home Secretary emergency powers to deal with the POA dispute, including forcing the courts not to imprison fine defaulters, these powers were never actually used. With the 'emergency' now over, Whitelaw obviously hoped that the judges and magistrates had learned their lesson. His frustration that this is not the case was expressed in a speech to Leicestershire magistrates on 13 February, when he threatened the use of legislative action to compel the courts to reduce both the length and number of prison sentences. He also made the admission — startling for a Tory Home Secretary — that the length of a sentence makes almost no difference to its effectiveness as a deterrent.

But the signs are that Whitelaw will have to go it alone in his mission to reform the prisons. On the same day as his Leicestershire speech, the DHSS announced new and stiffer penalties for social security offences. Under the new Social Security Bill some penalties will more than double to a maximum fine of £1,000 or 6 months imprisonment. Clear evidence, then, that as far as most members of the Cabinet are concerned undermining the Welfare State comes before penal reform. □

Mr Brian Wharton

In our issue dated 18 April 1980 we commented on a report from the Central Birmingham Community Health Council which drew attention to the higher perinatal death rate in inner areas of the city as compared with elsewhere.

Our report was accompanied by a cartoon which referred to Sorrento Hospital where Mr Brian Wharton is one of the Consultant Paediatricians.

It has been pointed out to us that the cartoon might have been understood to suggest that Mr Wharton was responsible for a decline in standards of care at the Hospital.

It was not our intention to suggest any incompetence on the part of Mr Wharton or to make any criticism of the treatment by the medical and nursing staff at the Hospital of patients in their care.

We are glad to take this opportunity of making the position clear. We express our apologies to Mr Wharton for any misunderstanding to which our cartoon may have given rise.

Stephen Witt & Christopher Pass on drink and taxation

Bad news

ALCOHOLIC DRINK taxes are likely to be increased in the forthcoming budget as part of the Government's attempt to increase revenue. The increases will be accompanied by squeals of displeasure but our analysis shows drink prices have not kept pace with inflation and that a modest increase in prices will serve both to decrease alcohol consumption and increase government revenue.

In the fiscal year 1979/80 government tax revenue from alcoholic drinks — beer, spirits, wine — totalled around £4,000m. This compares with total spending on alcoholic drinks of £8,850m. Beer accounted for 55 per cent of this total, spirits 26 per cent and wine 19 per cent. In spite of the high taxes, consumption of alcoholic drinks has gone up considerably since 1963 — beer by 59 per cent, spirits by 145 per cent and wine by 204 per cent.

A major reason has been a fall in the real price of beer, spirits and wine, particularly the latter two. Beer prices have fallen only slightly in real terms, and in order to restore the real price to its 1967 value an increase of 4.4 per cent or 2p would be required. By contrast a 50.8 per cent or £2.74 increase would be needed to restore the real price of spirits to their 1966 value and a 38.6 per cent or 62p increase to restore wine to its 1969 cost.

The 1981 Budget appears likely to increase beer prices by 1p to 2p a pint, spirit prices by 50p to 80p and wine by 10p to 20p a bottle. Working on well-established price elasticity estimates, our tables show the estimated effects of such duty increases on alcohol consumption and tax yields. □

Sir Geoffrey's drinks table

Duty increase/pence per bottle			Estimated decrease in consumption/ million bottles			Estimated increase in Government revenue/£ million		
Spirits	Wine	Beer	Spirits	Wine	Beer (pints)	Spirits	Wine	Beer
10	5	1	5.4	14.2	67	11	19	108
40	10	2	21.6	28.4	134	36	36	215
50	15	3	26.9	42.6	200	42	51	320
60	20	4	32.3	56.8	267	47	66	424
80	25	5	43.1	71.0	334	54	78	527
100	30	6	53.6	85.2	400	57	90	628
105	40	7	56.6	113.6	467	57	108	728
125	50	8	67.3	142.1	534	55	121	827
200	60	9	107.8	170.5	600	7	128	925
274	62	10	147.6	176.2	667	−100	129	1021

Francine Miller & Richard Minns on Tory funds

Well banked

MERCHANT BANKS and insurance companies provide a disproportionate share of Tory party funds; the clearing banks contribute nothing. This is the main finding of our survey of companies' political contributions and may provide some clues to the government's policy priorities.

The main source of information on donations to the Tory Party is *Labour Research's* useful annual survey, but this does not provide a detailed analysis of contributions by the different parts of the financial sector. Our own survey aimed to cover all large quoted companies: it included the top 100 companies by capitalisation, the top 100 companies according to *The Times 1000*(where these were not covered by the first category) and the top companies in all the industrial and financial sectors (again, where these were not already covered). We also conducted a random sample of smaller quoted companies (those with a market value of under £40 million) by sector. We focused on three years: 1974, 1977 and 1979.

Our survey covered fewer companies than *Labour Research* and thus produced a smaller total contributions figure but it was more systematic and we believe its results to be representative of all company political contributions. We found that in the three years covered the financial sector (clearing banks, discount houses, hire purchase companies, insurance companies, insurance brokers and merchant banks) gave 35 per cent, 26 per cent and 28 per cent respectively of all company contributions to the Tory Party. This is out of all proportion to the size of the sector on the stock market, where it accounts for only 10 per cent of total market capitalisation.

The table shows the particular importance of the merchant banks, insurance companies and insurance brokers. The sharp increase in insurance brokers' share between 1974 and 1977 is largely accounted for by the reclassification of C.T.Bowring from the merchant bank sector in 1977. Bowring —which controls the merchant bank Singer and Friedlander — accounted for 13 per cent of the financial sector's contribution in 1979.

Other merchant banks which contributed in 1979 include Kleinwort Benson, Hill Samuel, Morgan Grenfell, Lazards, Barings, Hambros, Anthony Gibbs and Arbuthnot Latham. The first three of these, along with Schroder Wagg, handled the recent sale of British Aerospace, part of the government's revenue raising programme.

IT IS widely rumoured that the government will try to raise more money by the introduction of a windfall profit tax on the clearing banks in the Budget. Interestingly, the clearing banks do not contribute to the Tory Party — though they provided nearly 30 per cent of the contribution to the Economic League in each of the three years.

Contributions from small firms are also tiny: 60 per cent of the large companies surveyed donated money in 1979, but only 30 per cent of small firms, accounting for 6 per cent of total donations. The very smallest companies — with a market value of less than £5 million — accounted for only 1 per cent of total contributions.

The largest sector contributing to the Tory Party is the anonymous sounding 'Other Groups'. This includes such conglomerates as Trafalgar House, S.Pearson (owners of Lazards), British Electric Traction and large companies like Rank Organisation, Beechams and Fisons. Thus the biggest contributors to the Tory Party are large multinationals and financial groups which have substantial overseas interests —60 per cent of insurance brokers premium income comes from abroad and the merchant banks have benefited substantially from London becoming a centre for Eurocurrency markets. □

Financial Sector help to the Tories

	74 (%)	77 (%)	79 (%)
Clearing Banks	0	0	0
Discount Houses	0	2	2
Hire Purchase	0	0	0
Insurance	18	10.5	23
Insurance Brokers	8	33	45.5
Merchant Banks	74	54.5	29.5
	100	100	100

Total financial sector contributions to the Tory Party in 1974, 77 and 79 amounted to £170,170, £126,375 and £269,925.

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Peter Kellner, Political Editor

Monetarism: the fight back starts here

MANY PEOPLE will be tempted to dismiss this week's report* by the Treasury Committee of MPs on monetarism as merely another piece of pre-budget pleading, to be placed in order of importance somewhere between the submissions of the TUC and the Licenced Victuallers' Association — a 'they would wouldn't they' sort of document only to be expected at this time of year.

Many people will be wrong. The committee's report is quite the most important to have been published by any select committee for more than a decade. The report methodically, and at times ruthlessly, exposes the Government's economic strategy as devoid of any basis in plausible theory or any nation's experience.

The importance of the report lies not only in the competence of its arguments. The committee obtained evidence from almost anyone with anything to say on the subject, from monetarists like Milton Friedman to anti-monetarists like Lord Kaldor. It penetrated the inner economic calculations of the Treasury. It received advice from the central banks of Germany, Switzerland, Austria and the US — all of which have had more experience, and generally much more success, in linking monetary with other economic policies. The committee was chaired by Edward du Cann, a Conservative who does not normally inhabit the wetter regions of present day Toryism. A majority of MPs on the committee are Tories. And, at the end of its operation the committee's report was agreed unanimously.

ONE OF THE complaints that ministers frequently make these days is that the term 'monetarism' is much misunderstood, and that therefore people criticise the Government's policies for the wrong reasons. So before we look at the select committee's arguments, let us summarise what the Treasury told it.

The Government's reasoning goes: first, the money supply can be controlled; second, a tight monetary policy will lower inflation; third, this action must be accompanied by lower public sector borrowing; fourth, there will be short-term costs, in terms of lower output and higher unemployment, but these need not be great; fifth, having secured lower inflation, and only then, 'sustained growth can be achieved'.

Each of these propositions is shown by the committee to be untrue or a harmful half-truth.

Controlling money supply. Last July Peter Middleton, a deputy secretary at the Treasury, told du Cann, 'the money supply is now under control'. Just a few weeks later the figures went haywire, and when Middleton reappeared before the committee just before Christmas he had to eat his words. The committee's report shows that there is no simple way of controlling money supply, no single measure that can tell you whether money supply *is* under control, and no point in setting rigid targets one year ahead — let alone four years ahead, as the Government's Medium-Term Financial Strategy did last spring.

> Unforseen exernal developments (such as a rise in the real price of oil) make achievement of immutable targets set for a period of several years difficult, if not impossible. We were warned by other Central Banks who have pursued monetary targets that the effective use of such devices is by no means a mechanical procedure. It evidently requires a degree of judgment and flexibility to ensure that the pursuit of such an intermediate target is consistent with and not inimical to progress in achieving the ultimate objectives of policy on which there is substantial agreement, namely growth, less inflation and higher levels of employment . . . Events have shown that the Medium-Term Financial Strategy was not soundly based.

Money supply and inflation. The committee asked the Treasury for evidence of any direct link between money supply and the rate of inflation. The Treasury provided the best equation it could for 1967 to 1978. The equation was then tested to see if it 'predicted' the rise in inflation in 1979. It did not. Only when the Treasury added in *non-monetary* influences on prices could it get the results right. The committee concludes:

> Although over the long term the money supply and price level appear to have moved together, we have not been convinced by evidence of a direct causal relationship from growth in the money supply to inflation. Indeed, the Treasury's own evidence tends to refute any suggestion of any simple relationship in the short and medium term.

In as far as a tight money policy does lower inflation, the committee finds that it is by provoking recession and an overvalued pound — in other words, by doing more harm than good.

Public borrowing. The stated reasons for seeking public spending cuts are first, that high public borrowing can only be financed by letting the money supply rip; and second, that high public borrowing 'crowds out' the private sector and dampens private enterprise. The committee concludes that in a recession neither proposition is true.

The Treasury itself agreed that the money supply-public borrowing link is at best tenuous and very 'long-term'. In one masterful piece of understatement, a Treasury paper says 'there is certainly not a one-to-one relationship such that changes in the PSBR bring about changes of the same size in [money supply]'.

On crowding out, the Treasury again found itself boxed in, when questioned in detail. Whereas the Tories' first public spending White Paper had boldly asserted that 'higher public expenditure cannot any longer be allowed to precede, *and thus prevent,* growth in the private sector', now all the Treasury can say is that any crowding out effects are 'very uncertain and the econometric evidence . . . not easy to interpret'. Put another way, the Treasury can offer no intellectually respectable evidence to underpin the Government's assault on our schools, hospitals and local authorities.

The select committee concludes that to try to hold down public borrowing in a recession makes the recession even worse. And in so far as a recession causes both public borrowing and bank lending (to companies in distress) to rise, the committee says:

> It is not at all evident to us that the appropriate response by the Authorities . . . is to cut the PSBR or to allow interest rates to rise so as to pursue the predetermined monetary targets. Indeed it seems quite possible that the short run effects of such policy changes will be to exacerbate further the squeeze on the corporate sector.

The transitional costs. The Government agrees that in the short term, tight monetary policies will lower output and raise unemployment. The question is, by how much. The Treasury's evidence to the committee said:

> There has been some British work [on this]· For example, [Professor David] Laidler used a small model to show how a tight monetary policy in the early 1970s might have prevented inflation exceeding ten per cent at very little cost in higher unemployment.

Laidler himself, however, makes no bold claims for his model. He told the Committee:

> If you want to know what my forecast is, based on back-of-the-envelope models which are not built for forecasters but . . . to see whether the kind of economics I teach in the classroom has any empirical content at all . . . then you may take my numbers . . . My doubts about them are well documented.

When the committee analysed the Treasury's own internal work on the costs of monetarism, the results were truly astounding. Using policies designed to curb money supply — through interest rates, reductions in bank lending, increases in income tax and so on — the cost of achieving a lasting reduction of just one per cent in the rate of inflation is *£8 billion* in lost output, accumulated over four years.

Prospects for recovery. Even large transitional costs might be worthwhile if the eventual outcome were sustained, rapid and non-inflationary recovery. There are, however, three reasons for doubt. First, the undue effect of tight money on manufacturing industry (which is powerfully affected by both high interest rates and an overvalued pound) means that the cutting edge of any rapid economic expansion may be far too blunt when the time comes. Second, as the committee observes, the Government's current financial strategy, combined with the prospects for inflation, mean that 'the Government's monetary stance will remain contractionary' until at least 1983.

Third, there is every chance that expansion will prove self-defeating in monetarist terms. If the main 'monetary' mechanism for bringing inflation down now is through recession and an overvalued pound, then a recovery will throw those anti-inflationary levers into reverse. The Tory majority on du Cann's committee do not quite say a non-inflationary recovery could never occur, but they come pretty close:

> If for instance an eventual restoration in competitiveness was brought about by a fall in the exchange rate the gains in terms of lower inflation brought about by its initial rise may not be lasting. There are those who see this kind of mechanism working to such an extent that they fear that a return to high levels of employment will see inflation returning to its initial level, with the recession having achieved no lasting purpose.

We shall see next Tuesday in his budget speech whether Sir Geoffrey Howe has taken any of the committee's work — or even some of the damning evidence supplied by his own officials — on board. I doubt it. The way things are, I reckon I can get better economic sense from my five-day-old son. □

* Third Report from the Treasury and Civil Service Committee: Monetary Policy. HoC paper 163-1, HMSO, £5.30.

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TRADE UNIONS

Ballot of Barry the boilermaker

ROB ROHRER exposes a classic tale of the corruption of union democracy.

Pacemaker Press

No. 50 Mervue Street where 102 votes were registered for Jim Murray. Inset Billy Albertina.

LAST OCTOBER, Frank Chapple reminded *New Statesman* readers of the risk of fraud in union elections. 'Only in the last few weeks', he wrote, 'large numbers of votes cast on behalf of a Communist candidate in the Boilermakers' union have been disqualified following an internal investigation' — further demonstration that 'the extreme left don't like fair elections.'

Chapple commands general authority: his name is engraved in labour history by the case of *Byrne & Chapple v Foulkes & Others,* which in 1961 purged the Electrical Trades Union (as it then was) of Communist ballot-rigging. And he should have known something about the particular case, because last autumn the Electrical, Electronic & Plumbing Trades Union (as it now is under his leadership) was pursuing the Boilermakers with a view to takeover.

But twenty years on, is Chapple right about the political complexion of the hand that rocks the ballot-box? *New Statesman* inquiries show that elections for the Boilermakers' leadership last year were indeed shot through with ballot-rigging, fraud, irregularity and the arbitrary exclusion of large numbers of votes.

But the difference between these contemporary practices, and those exposed in the ETU trial of 1961 — dramatised last week on BBC television — is that in each case the Communist candidate appears as victim, not as instigator. Frank Chapple may have committed the error he often perceives in others: foundation of strong opinion upon fragile research.

THE ASSOCIATED Society of Boilermakers (ASOB) is a craft union 120,000-strong, which has been eyed as a takeover candidate by several big unions, and whose leadership turned a critical vote or two in last year's battles over the Labour leadership. Its election in 1980 for the post of general secretary followed the retirement of John Chalmers, who had served for 15 years, five of them alongside another rugged Clydesider, Danny McGarvey.

John Chalmers: retired after 15 years service

Two ballots were held: the first, in April, being fought by six candidates, three of them from the union's executive. The two who came top went forward to a run-off in June: they were Jim Murray, a 60-year-old, right-wing executive member from Clydeside, and Barry Williams, 52, a Communist ASOB official, and president of the Liverpool Trades Council.

In that run-off, the Boilermakers came within 128 votes of electing their first Communist general secretary: Jim Murray became third in a Clyde succession. But in votes cast before 'disqualification', the evidence is that Williams obtained at least 100 more than Murray.

Turnout was dismal on both occasions. In April 5,272 members voted, and in June about 4,000: the decline being a phenomenon of some interest. Allegations of interference began while the June ballot was going on, and indeed there had been an earlier suggestion that votes had been counted in April from the Dublin branch, even though there had been assurances that apathy there was such that no election meeting could or would be held.

Following ASOB's rules, Williams therefore decided to send scrutineers to as many branch ballots as possible in June and this was followed by a considerable falling-off of visible democratic activity in Scotland and Northern Ireland, traditionally the most important tracts of Boilermaker territory. In the ETU trial, it was accepted that a good test of the validity of any branch ballot was to check its voting level against levels for the same branch at other elections. 'A substantial number of departures from a given rule or norm', said Mr Justice Winn, 'postulates the existence of another rule' — such as, perhaps, that some things can't be done in front of the scrutineers.

SCRUTINEERING IN ULSTER could be a daunting experience, to judge by the account of Billy Albertina, a 33-year-old Communist from the Cammell Laird shipyard on Merseyside. Having made his ferry crossing — and been slightly unnerved by Army questioning — Albertina found that his destination, 50 Mervue Street, was in the heart of loyalist Belfast, just a step from the Harland and Wolff shipyards. There he found a barricaded corner shop serving as the meeting-place of Belfast No 1 branch.

He arrived shortly before the meeting was due to begin, but repeated hammering on the door brought no reply. He knocked for the last time at 7pm, just on the meeting's deadline, but there was only silence: Albertina waited on the streetcorner, checking his watch. Then, at 7.10pm, a side-door opened without warning, and he was beckoned through.

Within, he found three branch officials, and presently seven more boilermakers turned up. They cast their votes, and Albertina watched as the ballot-box was opened for counting. 'Inside', he recalls, 'I could see dozens and dozens of ballot forms, nearly all folded in the same way.

> Even before the branch chairman started counting, I kicked off . . . I told them: 'This election is rigged, it's a blatant fiddle. How can you call yourselves trade unionists?'

Out of this remarkable box emerged 102 votes for Jim Murray, and none for Barry Williams. Somewhat reluctantly, after his outburst, Albertina accepted from the officials a lift back to his hotel through Belfast's dangerous streets — and found himself being given an unrequested night-time tour of the city, while his guides expressed their fierce dislike of Catholics. It took half an hour, and Albertina recalls being extremely frightened.

On the strength of Albertina's report, Williams challenged the Belfast No 1 vote, but the ASOB bureaucracy's investigation has yet to proceed beyond letters of inquiry. (In the ETU trial, officials were censured for dealing with major allegations by correspondence alone.)

Replying, Belfast No 1's secretary, a Mr Donald Campbell, draws attention to the prob-

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Jim Murray, newly elected general secretary of the Boilermakers union, beneath the union's motto.

lem of union administration amid 'bullets, rioting and bombing', and describes

> walking up to the clubroom . . . not a soul to be seen on the streets, trembling with fear every time you hear a noise or a footstep . . .

He insists, nonetheless, that many brave souls have made their way to Mervue Street on the night in question — so many that Albertina ought to have seen a large queue if he arrived at 6.50pm.

Donald Campbell himself, however, was not among them. Deputising for him was a Mr David Campbell, who insists that there were 50-60 men in the room when balloting began, and that these were rapidly augmented by men finishing work in the yards at 6.30, anxious only to vote and get away to their dinners. The ballot remained open till 8.15pm.

But throughput must have been lightning-like. Another official account implies that Albertina found so few boilermakers because he didn't arrive until 28 minutes after the 7pm opening: which carries the further implication that by then 90-odd men had voted and vanished.

ACTING SECRETARY CAMPBELL suggests that a high anti-Williams vote might be explained in terms of the local record, and this is certainly interesting. During 1975 there was a close-fought ASOB executive election between Barry Williams and a Harland's man named Jim McFall. After certain pro-Williams votes had been disqualified, McFall won by 2,004 to 2,003. Out of the Boilermakers' 390 branches, six in Ulster contributed nearly 25 per cent of the vote.

That election went to the High Court, which found that some 'disqualified' Williams votes had been cast under the same procedures as other votes which had been allowed. A new ballot was ordered, but Williams was defeated by another big Irish turnout.

Last year's presidential contest, though, witnessed sharp fluctuation in this electoral zeal. In April, with six candidates, the unscrutinised Ulster branches recorded 356 votes. In the June run-off — without the disputed votes of Belfast No 1 — there were only 118. Belfast 4 & 5, which had given Murray 178 votes in April, could only produce 26 under the scrutineers' gaze in June.

SCOTLAND BEHAVED likewise. Because Murray has long represented Scotland on the ASOB executive, it was regarded as his stronghold. But his April score of 834 votes dropped to 354 when scrutineering began — though the opposite pattern might be expected in a run-off. Sixteen Scottish branches which voted to Murray in April, and helped to project him into the run-off, either failed to vote in June, or recorded a much smaller turnout.

Dingwall, on Cromarty Firth, was one example. In April, 58 boilermakers supposedly crowded into the tiny Labour Party meeting room, to produce 49 Murray votes, three Williams, and six otherwise. One local member discounts the hall's ability to accommodate so many. In June, four members turned up, and voted 3-1 for Murray.

Eight miles away from Dingwall last April, there were even more remarkable events at Alness: where 94 boilermakers of the Invergordon branch apparently packed into a tiny village hall to produce 87 votes for Murray and a scattering for the other candidates.

The men working on the world's largest oil platform at Nigg, 250 miles north of Glasgow, are not easily drawn to union meetings, so this huge turnout should have etched itself into local memory. But few, if any, can remember it: Albert Fraser, the boilermakers' delegate to the Ross and Cromarty Trades Council, merely smiles at the idea. 'I've never known there to be 90 people there. Its usually just a handful, if that.'

Remarkably, the young Invergordon branch secretary, Peter Hope, cannot remember that spectacular April ballot — and he should have sent the election return to ASOB head office. 'There's nothing about it that sticks in my mind,' he told the NS.

HOPE CLAIMS, though, that the June ballot sticks in his mind. Unknown to him the pro-Williams scrutineers were travelling far and wide, and Joe Thomson, a Govan welder, arrived at the Alness community hall just before the Saturday-morning meeting of Invergordon branch was due to start.

As he walked down the sloping path alongside the hall, he looked inside and saw it was deserted except for a man who sat writing busily at a desk. He entered to present his credentials, and met Peter Hope. 'He had a bundle of ballot papers, it must have been an inch thick', says Thomson.

> I saw them clearly. I picked them up. I could see the top dozen and they were all crossed for Murray. I told him it was illegal. He said: 'Look, don't worry, there'll be no vote'.

Hope vigorously denies the scrutineer's claim that ballot-papers had been marked.

> It's just a heap of lies. He sounds to me like an old man in his dotage . . . I'll admit I made a mistake — it wasn't a fiddling mistake — which was rectified. It never affected the vote, because there was no vote, and no meeting . . .

He will not say what the 'mistake' was, nor how it was put right. But the ASOB records show that Invergordon, having done so much in springtime to lift Jim Murray clear of the field, did indeed relapse to apathy in summer and record no meeting. The union executive has conducted no investigation.

BUT ELSEWHERE there has been inquiry. In July 1980 Jim Murray wrote to his 'Worthy General Secretary, Dear Friend' — ie, the official he sought to replace — with a complaint about fluctuations of branch behaviour. But it was the West Midlands, not Scotland or Ireland, that caught his eye.

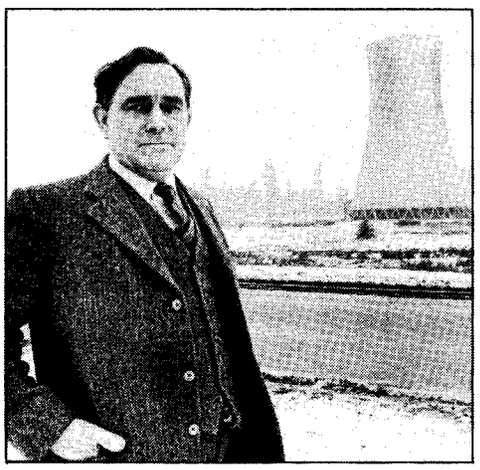
In June, Dudley (55-0), Birmingham (73-0), West Bromwich (23-0), and Burton (79-2) had gone for Williams. Yet their pattern in April had been quite different. Dudley had voted 22-0 for another executive member, John Hepplewhite, West Bromich had gone the same way by 41-0, and Burton by 17-2. Birmingham recorded no April meeting: the secretary explaining later that he had suffered a coronary.

The executive, wrote Murray, must 'seriously consider investigating the administration of this district', because it had experienced a 54 per cent increase in turnout between two ballots during which union turnout as a whole had fallen rather under 4 per cent.

There was, however, no substantial investigation. Without citing any rule, the Boilermakers' executive simply disqualified the Birmingham vote: until he was contacted by the NS, the branch secretary was not aware that this had been done.

Some explanation was furnished for the strong showing by John Hepplewhite in April: namely, the presence of his brother Charlie as district delegate and Burton branch secretary. Charlie Hepplewhite also wrote that a larger turnout was rather to be expected in June, when 'the nights are still light, and the weather is still fine' — though the boilermakers of Scotland and Ulster appear to be affected otherwise.

But in August 1980, a few days after mounting this general defence of his district's legiti-



Barry Williams, defeated Communist candidate.

macy, Charlie Hepplewhite sent a handwritten letter to Jim Murray's private address in Newcastle. This said that his own Burton branch's June vote of 79-2 for Barry Williams was invalid, because the branch meeting had opened before the official time. (Hepplewhite was not at the meeting himself, but has told the NS that he was in the same pub on the night it was held.)

Without further inquiry, the Burton votes were disqualified. (Throughout his candidacy, Murray had been present at executive meetings dealing with the general-secretary's election results.)

AFTER THE BALLOT, both candidates set up a cross-fire of rule-book protests. The executive had already disqualified four branch returns for late posting, costing Williams 59 votes to Murray's 4.

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Few potential breaches were overlooked by the scrutineers on either side. ('The secretary's dog', reported one Williams man, 'was in the room during the whole course of the meeting': it does not appear to have voted.)

Murray lodged 19 protests, and had 14 upheld: Williams lodged 9 and had 4 upheld. While many of these were still being considered, the executive issued the interim result, giving Murray the post of general secretary by the margin of 128 votes. After all the protests were accounted for, the executive subtracted 468 votes from Williams, and 190 from Murray. Williams' own branch, Liverpool No. 2, had voted for him 115-0, but this was disqualified on the grounds that abuse had been shouted at one of Murray's scrutineers.

The ASOB General Council, a lay body, then deliberated appeals. They restored Williams' votes from Liverpool 2, and overturned three branch votes for Murray, which still left Murray with a majority of 220. One union rule, in this battle of minor infringements, was honoured almost wholly in the breach: Rule 11, paragraph 20, confers 'absolute discretion' to allow votes to stand where there is only a 'slight technical breach.'

South Shields No 2 lost its 7-0 vote for Williams because it held its meeting on Saturday morning, after the rule-book deadline of the final Friday in every month. Branch secretary Peter St-Clair says:

> I just couldn't get the clubroom booked for any other time. It's a crazy rule, and no-one knows why we have it.

But according to the ASOB directory, which lists all monthly meetings, three Scottish branches committed the same offence by meeting on the same day: East Kilbride, Clydebank, and Partick 2. Their combined vote went 40-21 for Murray, but was allowed to stand.

Recently, in ballots for positions of lesser weight than the general secretaryship, the Boilermakers' executive has allowed minor technical infringements to pass unpenalised 'in the interests of democracy.' If all the votes disqualified for technical reasons were to be restored, then Williams' total would probably have been ahead of Murray's — and were the votes of Belfast No 1 to be successfully challenged, then his victory would have been almost beyond question.

We have, of course, attempted to discuss the remarkable course of last year's election with Jim Murray, the victor. He has steadfastly refused any comment.

IT SHOULD perhaps go without saying that the moral is not that Williams, as a Communist, is therefore heroic — any more than Jim Murray is a monster because his politics are more orthodox. It is that the essential democracy of British trade unions will always be under threat while they are run as they usually are today — and that Frank Chapple is wrong to think that the danger comes exclusively from the left.

The root of the trouble lies in grotesque and elaborate rulebooks, which impose upon union affairs a tedium that deters ordinary, honest people from participation in union affairs. Once democracy has been reduced to apathy, then the rules can be manipulated as desired by an elite of any ideological complexion. The best thing that can happen to the union movement would be an end to the pretence that democracy is an issue to be possessed either by Left or Right, and an admission that it is a basic requirement of any legitimate trade unionism. □

FREE SPEECH: Housing

Mark Swenarton

THE THATCHER government, with its moratorium on new council housing, its programme of sales of existing houses and its policy on rents, is making a full-fronted attack on public housing in this country. This is not the first turnabout in public housing policy. Exactly 60 years ago, in 1921, the Lloyd George coalition made a similar turnabout: less than three years after his pledge of 'homes fit for heroes' had launched the first national public housing programme, Lloyd George reneged on his promises and imposed a moratorium (*à la* Heseltine) on further council housebuilding. What can we learn from this episode about the general forces that shape state housing policy in our society?

The First World War created a peculiar combination of circumstances, in which the booming war economy put organised labour into a position of great strength (in the words of the *Municipal Journal*, labour was 'in the saddle'), while the influence of the City over the government was undermined by the exigencies of war. Thus the City's demand for a tight rein on public spending (in order to protect sterling) necessarily had to be set aside to provide for war expenditure. It was in this situation that the war ended in November 1918, and the subsequent return from the trenches of some five million troops only intensified the weakness (and indeed the nervousness) of the state in relation to the working class in general.

With 'Bolshevism' sweeping through Europe; with industrial unrest among the miners, railwaymen and electricity workers; and with alarming signs of discontent among the services (including mutinies and 'soliders' strikes'), the government feared the worst and offered large doses of social reform all round as a palliative, with the housing campaign at the forefront. The 'money we are going to spend on housing', the government spokesman told the House of Commons, 'is an insurance against Bolshevism and Revolution'. As the Cabinet papers record, the Prime Minister Lloyd George told the Cabinet:

> In a short time we might have three-quarters of Europe converted to Bolshevism . . . He believed that Great Britain would hold out, but only if the people were given a sense of confidence . . . We had promised them reforms time and again, but little had been done. We must give them the conviction this time that we meant it, and we must give them that conviction quickly . . .
>
> Even if it cost a hundred million pounds, what was that compared to the stability of the State?
>
> So long as we could persuade the people that we were prepared to help them and to meet them in their aspirations, he believed that the sane and steady leaders among the workers would have an easy victory over the Bolsheviks among them.

It was under these conditions that large-scale public housing was launched, and local authorities all over the country set to work to realise the promise of half-a-million houses.

IN THE WINTER of 1920-21, however, the situation changed entirely. The boom in the economy, sustained for a time into the post-war period, came to a sudden end. Unemployment rose sharply, reaching two million by June 1921 (it was not to fall below one million until the next war). As a result, the strength of labour crumbled away: in December 1920 the Cabinet noted that 'the trade unions were no longer in so strong a position as they had been,' and in June 1921 (in the wake of 'Black Friday' and the defeat of the miners' strike) the Cabinet concluded that 'now that the coal dispute was settled . . . [there was] not much danger of active unrest in Great Britain'. The constellation of political forces that had prevailed since the Armistice was vanishing. The weakness of labour allowed employers to move onto the offensive and, in Whitehall, left the way open for the influence of the City.

As the report of the Cunliffe Committee (named after its chairman, the governor of the Bank of England) had made clear in 1918, the major financial interests were utterly opposed to the government's programme of large-scale public expenditure on housing and other social measures. The City wanted instead a tight control of the money supply, the reduction (and, indeed, elimination) of the public borrowing requirement, and, to achieve this, massive cuts in public spending, with housing first to go.

So long as the political crisis lasted the Cabinet ignored the City's demand for retrenchment; but as labour collapsed the government bowed to the City and in 1921, amid general spending cuts, the housing programme was brought to a halt — a pattern that was to be strikingly repeated 60 years later. The view of the City (to which the government now deferred) was that no more money should be borrowed for housing expenditure: and so for what were said to be purely fiscal reasons, the first housing moratorium was imposed.

What is the relevance of this to the present and the future? There is a strong tradition within the Labour party that sees public housing as a straight forward party-political issue; according to this view, public housing inevitably wanes under the Conservatives and waxes under Labour, and so the present attack on public housing is no more than the consequence of the Conservatives' electoral victory and will be remedied as soon as Labour returns to power. There is another persistent tradition, within housing circles, that sees knowledge as the key to housing policy: in this view, when faced with 'the facts' any reasonable government will take the appropriate course of action.

The lesson from history is that neither of these views will stand up and that the determinants of state housing policy are very much more complex. History suggests that the current attack on public housing is to be seen, not merely in terms of individual prejudice or traditional party policy, but rather in terms of much more profound changes brought about by the recession. Today, as 60 years ago, with the strength of labour undermined by mass unemployment, the way has been left clear for the major financial interests to impose their policies in Whitehall, with housing again as the most conspicuous victim.

These interests will not be diverted from their path simply by being shown the calamitous effects that their policy is having on the housing system, nor will they suddenly disappear or become inoperative with a future change of government. Any attempt to construct alternative housing policies for such a government, therefore, must start from the recognition that housing policy is shaped by the entire complex of political and economic forces. To set magnificent goals or targets that ignore the real forces at work can only result in failure. □

Mark Swenarton teaches history of architecture and planning at the University of London. His book *Homes fit for Heroes*, Heinemann Educational (£14.50), was published last week.

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POLITICS

The important realignment

PATRICK WINTOUR reports on Britain's new trade unionism

A NEW FORM of political trade unionism has been developing in Britain. Remarkably, it has grown independent of established parties and of the official trade union movement. Its strength is the quality of its analysis and its commitment to local activity. Its strategy has developed from an Inquiry into State Intervention in Industry published last year by four trades councils. From June 1979 the trades council spent a year interviewing both politicians who had devised the last Labour government's industrial stategy and also groups of workers who had been on the receiving end of it. They concluded that the strategy was faulty even in its original conception and, in practice, had actively damaged workers' interests. Last weekend Coventry Trades Council convened a conference to discuss how these mistakes could be avoided next time.

It is a matter of some urgency since the Labour Left and the TUC are, over the next 12 months, devising an industrial strategy based on more of the same. The Labour Left's pocket explanation for the 1974-79 industrial strategy's failure has, of course, been unaccountable MPs perpetrating its original design. The Trades Councils say the problem is less easily treated and lies more in the power of the state and capital.

Ken Ternat, President of the Newcastle Trades Council, opening the conference, suggested as an initial condition that the rank and file should be involved in drawing up Labour's industrial policies: 'if they are not they will feel no commitment to defending the policies when they face the inevitable counter attack from private capital.' The policies — supposedly about worker participation — were not agreed with the rank and file. We went on: 'Workers' social and industrial organisations must at a local level themselves develop centres of political power: they must not delegate it to politicians.'

One immediate means of doing this is for Trades Councils to mount local plans and inquiries for their towns based on the principle of social need. One of the conference papers explained the thinking:

> Workers would be asked to investigate the strategies, the wastage and sometimes the corruption in their own part of the public sector and to make proposals for how the services they provide could ideally be planned for. The purpose first would be an educational one, to encourage people to have confidence in themselves as the source of ideas about how things might be done . . . such a popular planning process (drawing in tenants and women's groups for instance to explain what services they need) would put Labour councils and governments in a new relationship to local workers. It would break the habit of leaving politics to the politicians.

A formidable array of such local initiatives are already under way. In Sheffield the direct works department is working with tenants' organisations to discover ways of improving their service, particularly over maintenance. The parks and gardens stewards are trying to set up market gardens and looking for other produce as a way of saving jobs. Other groups of workers in power engineering, the Scotch whisky industry, machine tools, the car industry, at Dunlop on Merseyside and later throughout the combine, at Metal Box and at Thorn Electrical have produced reports on their companies and industry with plans for alternative products. The work of the Lucas Aerospace combine is no longer a token example of workers' plans.

FOR PLANNING from below to become more than neat critical essays on companies' plans a lot of things need to happen, not least of which is a national change in the allocation of public resources. The conference focused on strengthening three kinds of institutions — trades councils, multi-union combine committees and local labour resource centres.

Colin Lindsay of Coventry trades council said it was within TUC rules to set up sub-committees of trades councils that draw in community, health, women and tenants' groups. With many union branches made irrelevant by company restructuring, trades councils could act as a real clearing house for local union and shop steward activity. Such hopes have existed since the birth of trade unionism but currently many trades councils are ill-attended and conservative institutions. A speaker from Nuneaton told how his trades council had refused to sponsor the recent Anti-Nazi League march because it thought some people were too concerned with the problem of immigrant workers. But others, such as the Preston Trades Council, have been transformed. Two years ago it was unable to find a quorum but it now produces its own regular paper. As John Bennington of Coventry put it: 'most union structures are based on a pyramid or vertical design. There are not enough horizontal structures at the base.'

A similar horizontal structure is the multi-union, multi-plant shop stewards combine committee, another reclaimed relic from trade union history. Setting these up is immensely difficult. Many large British companies have as many as 20 plants in Britain; some have still more outside the country. Linking workers together in such circumstances is often beyond the resources of most shop stewards committees. They not only meet resistance from management to whom it is obviously advantageous to play and rule, but they find difficulties with union officials who see their own authority threatened. Nevertheless the combine movement is growing. About 25 exist in Britain. A joint forum of combine committees is now meeting quarterly to share experiences.

Grasping the intricacies of gigantic international companies such as GEC, Talbot or Dunlop is a taxing enough task for stockbrokers. For shop stewards also committed to local 'casework' and traditional bargaining it is even more difficult to gather, analyse, and act on information about their company. But without good information, participation with management in the running of the company can be very dangerous: shop steward's can easily become incorporated without independent help. Attempts by Talbot stewards to get backing for their involvement in Britain's one and only planning agreement foundered. Faced with a team of 22 managers in the employee participation department the stewards were at an obvious disadvantage. They spent two and a half years unsuccessfully trying to get backing through the SSRC's Open Door scheme.

More and more stewards are relying on trade union and community resource centres for research work. National trade union centres simply do not have the resources. A network of local resource centres now exists which have proved so useful in helping community groups and shop stewards that almost every major town has some centre underway or in the planning stages. □

IRAN

Symbols of imperialism

CRESTA NORRIS explains the missionaries' imprisonment

MANY CHRISTIANS, looking back on two hundred years of missionary activity in Africa, feel that sending missionaries to overseas churches should be 'restrictive and highly selective'.[1] But between 1970 and 1979 the Church Missionary Society sent out 79 adults to Iran at a cost of £332,000. The missionaries were sent at the request of the Bishop of Iran — Hassan Deqani Tafti — who needed them to run two church hospitals, seven schools and for welfare work among the blind. For a church that at its largest numbered only 2000 — now down to 200 — these organisations, largely British run, maintained a public status that was particularly offensive to Muslims,

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whose tradition says 'it is better to die than to be a convert from Islam.'

Even within CMS there were doubts about the policy of missionary expansionism: as early as 1964 members were returning to Britain, worried that the church was paternalistic and colonial. They found the Christianity they were teaching too narrow and that contact with Iranians was discouraged unless they were 'conversion material'. The missionaries were almost completely absorbed in the Western community — shopping at the supermarket, instead of the bazaar, sending their children to American schools and living in the expensive part of town. British and American military personnel attended church services, where prayers for the Shah were said right up to the time of his departure from Iran.

THE BISHOP of Iran, brought up by missionaries, married to his missionary predecessor's daughter, thought that the large organisations he ran provided an umbrella for his tiny church. When two of his hospitals were nationalised it was discovered that he had £400,000 in a deposit account. Until the revolution the hospitals — built with money from the American ambassador and the Shah — had been run at a profit, using cheap labour supplied by CMS and serving the middle class covered by medical insurance. Part of the profits went into the deposit account, together with the Bishop's endowment fund and the church pension fund.

The revolutionary guards demanded the money to run the hospitals, claiming that the Christian hospitals had hindered the development of medical care for the poor. The Bishop said that the money was not his to hand over, as it was needed to support the Iranian converts to Christianity who, disowned by the families, would need support in old age.

One man in particular tried to persuade him to hand the money over. This was Dr Sathali Azali, a convert who had worked with Dr Coleman, and who spent some 40 days in prison after the revolution. But he also failed, and the Bishop fled, leaving behind his only son — who was later murdered — and his secretary Jean Waddell.

Azali then turned to spreading rumours about the Colemans who were charged with spying on the basis of transparently forged documents. The forger — an Iranian Anglican priest — explained his action by saying he wanted to ruin the reputations of the Westerners who dominated the national church.

John and Audrey Coleman were sent to Iran by the CMS in 1948. Dr Coleman came from a missionary family, had previously worked as a missionary in Jeruslam, thought he did not need a missionary training and was never given one. For 16 years the Colemans worked in Shiraz, where their enthusiasm built up the prestige of a 100 bed hospital. In contrast the American Presbyterian Church handed its medical missions and colleges over to the state because it thought that they encouraged imperialism.

The Colemans stood out from other CMS missionaries because of their 'simple faith'. Dr Coleman had the kind of fundamental belief which made him walk from a Bible study group when it was suggested that not every written word of the Bible is 'the truth'. This kind of evangelism can make it difficult to take criticism even from fellow Christians because of the certainty of a vocation from God. And although the Colemans did much needed medical work in their clinic in Yazd, it is also true that in the past some CMS workers had found it impossible to work with them because of their insensitive approach.

Although the Episcopal church has suffered in Iran, Muslims are quick to point out that Islam revered Christianity as a 'religion of the book' and that 250,000 Armenian Christians live peacefully in Iran. Dr Hamid Enayat, a Middle East historian at St Anhony's, Oxford, who left Iran a year ago does not understand why the church did not realise the danger the missionaries faced and withdraw them. He thinks that by staying in Iran after the revolution they did the church more harm than good. But the CMS were committed to a policy of 'non-intervention': a policy which the Bishop of Winchester, ex-president of CMS, now admits led to the establishment of 'symbols of power rather than symbols of passion.' □

1 See Elliott Kendall, *The End of an Era* (SPCK 1978)

IRELAND

Bartering away neutrality

MARY HOLLAND reports on Dublin suspicions of a defence deal

IS A DEFENCE alliance between Britain and Ireland the hidden ingredient in the talks between Mrs Thatcher and Mr Charles Haughey which has made both premiers so reluctant to answer questions about their meeting last December to their respective parliaments?

In Dublin suspicions are growing that plans are afoot for an Anglo-Irish defence pact which would involve Ireland's abandonment of its traditional neutrality in exchange for a British commitment to withdrawal from Northern Ireland. These have been fuelled by Mr Humphrey Atkins' admission, to journalists in Belfast last week, that defence was one of the subjects being discussed by the joint working parties set up in the wake of the Dublin summit to study 'the totality of relationships between the two islands'. Later on Irish Radio, the Secretary of State was asked whether talk of a defence agreement between the two countries was realistic. He replied: 'We have a common interest in resisting totalitarianism, any potential enemies and, as I say, here we are off the coast of Europe. We are threatened, Europe is threatened. We have as close an interest as any other two countries in Europe'.

These remarks were made while Mrs Thatcher visited Washington. Irish politicians have not been slow to jump to the conclusion that any defence arrangement between Ireland and Britain would also please the American President. In the past, pressure on Ireland to stand up and be counted as a real member of the Western bloc committed to resisting communism has come from the US rather than from Britain or Europe.

Mr Atkins' intervention has plunged the Irish premier into a controversy he could well do without at this particular time, since it means that the potentially explosive issue of Irish neutrality could become an issue in an election, which will almost certainly be held this year. Already the Northern Secretary's remarks have caused angry scenes in the Dail. With leaders of both the main opposition parties challenging Mr Haughey, yet again, to explain exactly what went on between himself and the British premier last December. The government has agreed to hold a defence débate next Tuesday, where neutrality will be the major topic.

Until now the Irish Premier has had good reason to be pleased with the results of his new and special relationship with Mrs Thatcher. The common wisdom, promoted at least as assiduously at Westminster as in Dublin, is that he has succeeded in his declared aim of shifting the whole problem of Northern Ireland to a higher plane, i.e. as an issue to be discussed and maybe even solved by negotiations between the sovereign governments in Dublin and London. It is reported, again in the British media as much as the Irish, that Mrs Thatcher has been much impressed by Mr Haughey's pragmatism, his co-operation on cross-border security, his political discretion on such matters as H Block. If things had rested there, Mr Haughey could well have hoped to go into a general election with the boost, which he badly needs, that he just might be the man who has taken the first positive steps towards Irish unity.

IN THE EUPHORIA following the Dublin Summit and the months since only a few cynical 'begrudgers' have occasionally asked just what Britain could be hoping to gain from this new relationship. The question of whether Irish neutrality is in danger of being compromised has been raised, usually by the Labour Party leader Frank Cluskey. But most discussion of the 'totality of relationships between the two islands' has concentrated on constitutional issues, particularly in relationship to Northern Ireland.

Politically the issue of neutrality matters in domestic politics because most Irish people do

Ireland and NATO

Even if Ireland remains neutral, its biggest problem would be to ensure that its neutrality was not violated. Britain's defence planners have long assumed that major targets in Ireland would be attacked by the Soviet Union to prevent British or US use of them. Although the Ministry of Defence refuse to say whether Irish targets were included in the recent *Square Leg* exercise (see below) we have obtained plans for Exercise *Dutch Treat*, held in 1957 showing that, even then, Irish cities and airports at Shannon and Dublin were struck by H Bombs. (The fallout drifted across Britain and Northern Ireland, where Belfast was also destroyed.)

Until very recently, North Ireland also contributed directly to the communications system which would control a US nuclear strike, via US Naval Communications station 'NST' which had operated at Dungiven near Derry since World War 2. However this base — together with a British air defence radar station at Killard Point - has closed down in the last three years. Curiously, however, a high capacity US Navy communications system which links the Dungiven site to its current replacement at Thurso in Scotland remains in being; according to some sources, this may be connected with underwater surveillance links or remotely controlled 'Captor' US nuclear torpedos already positioned in North Atlantic straits.

More recently, former Irish foreign minister Sean MacBride has suggested that cruise missiles might also be sited in Northern Ireland — although no confirmation of this is available. But NATO eyes undoubtedly covet the Republic's territory for three reasons: the use of Shannon and west coast sites to boost anti-submarine and anti-shipping operations, particularly to protect the US mainland against submarine attacks; the use of the airports and Irish ports to assist the Atlantic 'air bridge' reinforcing operations; and the deployment of mobile radars and other surveillance devices to extend NATO's air defence and sea surveillance systems from a Russian attack from the West. Given that the major centres in Britain supporting such operations are considered Soviet priority targets, NATO commanders are unlikely to resist the impetus to seize places like Shannon as a replacemnt for bases already destroyed.

Not least, parts of Ireland might well be thought to provide the safest Northern hemisphere refuge for the escape and command and control aircraft available to the Queen and the Prime Minister during nuclear war. To avoid nuclear attack, therefore, Ireland might have to declare a state of armed neutrality, and be prepared to destroy its airfields in advance of any invasion.

Duncan Campbell and Mary Holland

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derive a genuine satisfaction from the fact that their country commands a respect in the Third World which is quite out of proportion to its GNP or real political clout. For example, the deployment of Irish troops in UN peace keeping forces has been a source of national pride often during periods when this commodity was in pretty short supply. This special position which Ireland has enjoyed has been due partly to historical accident. It was the first country this century to break the imperial link with Britain and it has maintained a strong anti-imperialist stance in world affairs for a great deal of the period since then. The other reason for Ireland's emotional ties to the Third World (and one which I have no intention of exploring here) is its long missionary tradition. What this means in practice is that many ordinary Irish people have an intimate interest in events in, say, Africa and South America which is greater than that to be found in most Western democracies. To take one current example — it would be extremely difficult for an Irish government at the moment to endorse US policy in El Salvador if it were asked to do so.

But against this emotional commitment to neutrality there is a reluctant recognition that Ireland's position has been considerably changed by its membership of the EEC. For a start it is the only member which is not linked to NATO. It also has an obligation to consult with its partners on foreign policy matters and while it occasionally strikes out independently it is usually willing enough to follow an EEC line. An even firmer adherence to the EEC line on foreign policy matters is being heavily pressed on Irish Euro MP's by officials in the Department of Foreign Affairs.

The political and military arguments about Irish neutrality are complex and are only just beginning to be aired. The danger is that at one level at least the debate could become all too simple. For most Irish people neutrality is inextricably bound up with their country's ancient quarrel with Britain, and particularly with the North. Since Ireland became independent the political rationale for remaining neutral has been the continuing partition of the country. This was the reason that De Valera gave for refusing co-operation to the allies in the last war. It was also the reason given for Ireland's refusal to join NATO in 1949. On that occasion the Foreign Minister, Sean MacBride, refused America's invitation on the grounds that 'any military alliance with, or commitment involving joint military action with the state that is responsible for the unnatural division of Ireland . . . would be entirely repugnant to the Irish people.'

Last week the Irish Foreign Minister, Brian Lenihan, reiterated this traditional stance in words almost identical to those used by his predecessor over 30 years ago. He said: 'There can be no question of Ireland participating in any form of military alliance with Britain, or with any group of countries, as long as the partition of this country continues.' But the present phase of the debate on neutrality has been sparked off by the possibility that this particular situation — the partition of the country —could be changed. Mr Haughey has told his electorate that the whole point of Ireland's new and closer relationship with Britain is to bring about a situation where partition will at last wither away and the 'occupying forces' be removed from the North.

What is only now beginning to dawn on the Irish public is that if this does happen, if the British Government does decide to withdraw from Northern Ireland then the first demand it is likely to make to Dublin is that the whole island of Ireland should be as militarily accessible to it as Northern Ireland is now. What is more it would almost certainly have American backing in this demand. The price of bringing about Irish unity, even by very slow degrees, could be a great deal higher than most people in Ireland have begun to comprehend. □

DEATH

Scotland's nuclear targets

DUNCAN CAMPBELL

THE WORST DEVASTATION in all of Britain, which Ministry of Defence planners assume will be the consequence of a Soviet nuclear attack, struck the Clyde estuary and Glasgow. Eight missile-borne nuclear weapons, including one of the only two giant five Megaton warheads anticipated, were 'fired' on the Clyde during the *Square Leg* exercise last September. The hitherto unavailable *Square Leg* plans for Scotland are shown on the map (adjacent); the same details for England and Wales were previously published here (NS 3 October 1980). (We regret that the map shown on that occasion was labelled 'Britain'.)

The US Poseidon submarine base at Holy Loch, and the British Polaris base at Faslane, near Garelochhead were wiped out by early strikes. Two further one megaton bombs were aimed at the underground nuclear missile storage site at Coulport, midway between the two bases. However, the exercise planners, the Directing Staff of UK Land Forces HQ near Salisbury, also anticipated two relatively unusual underwater attacks. A one MT bomb at the end of the Gareloch would seal off the channel and destroy any British submarines which might have tried to put to sea at emergency speed after the nuclear 'Attack Warning Red' had been given at noon on 19 Sept.

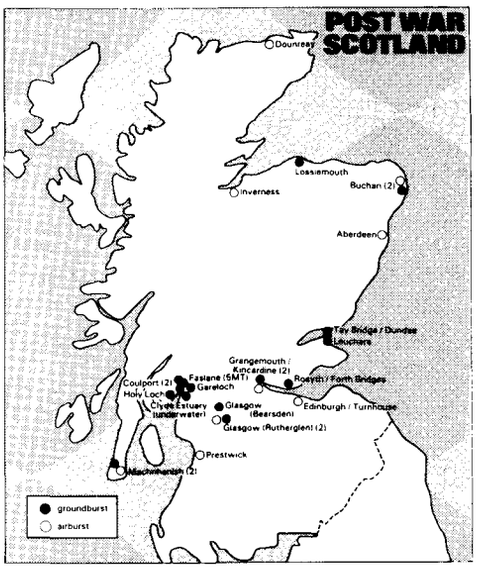
A further one MT explosion in the mid-Clyde estuary between Greenock and Helensburgh would — apart from generating huge volumes of wet fallout — create enormous water surges to flood the upper Clyde and Glasgow. A similar attack was anticipated against London during *Square Leg*; in that case, a five MT bomb close to the Canvey Island refinery.

All of Scotland's industrial cities were assumed to be destroyed as Soviet targets: Glasgow with two bombs, and Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Dundee with one each. Also a prime industrial target was the refinery, power stations, bridge and industrial development in the Grangemouth area.

Among the military targets, the airfields at Machrihanish, Prestwick and Lossiemouth (together with nearby Kinloss) were particular targets. Machrihanish is a major nuclear weapons store for US and some NATO anti-submarine warfare aircraft which would attack Soviet submarines and shipping in the Atlantic. Lossiemouth has also been and will again be a nuclear weapons store for Buccaneer aircraft whose main target is the Soviet Navy in the region. Buchan is an RAF radar station, while Leuchars is the main fighter defence base under its control. Rosyth is a major naval base.

It is surprising on military grounds that Stornoway has been omitted, as this would be a major forward air base in wartime. However, the inclusion of Stornoway would be politically controversial if the plans leaked (as they have) since the MoD are currently trying to win the Hebrideans acceptance of major new development of this airfield. The rather unlikely inclusion of Inverness, which has a minor airport, may be as a substitute for Stornoway.

The attack on Dounreay is due to the presence there of many bombs worth of plutonium, which fuel the two fast breeder reactors located at the station. Like the destruction of Windscale reprocessing centre, this would disperse the large inventory of long lived radioisotopes in the reactors and stores to the environment



— in the case of Windscale, poisoning much of northern England and central Scotland for decades.

Like the *Square Leg* plans for England, these details are entirely in accordance with well understood Soviet targetting intentions. A few important targets are missed — but then this, too, is authentic since even US missiles are not expected to strike home more than 70 per cent of the time. The plans also confirm, once again, the hypocrisy of the government's 'stay at home' policy, repeatedly advocated by ministers and in its absurd pamphlet, *Protect and Survive*. Residents of Glasgow and of other major cities and target areas are, by implication, thus invited to commit mass suicide.

As man be imagined, casualties were huge. Within the first 24 hours of the attack, some 20 per cent of the population of Strathclyde Region (2.5 million) were dead, and 20 per cent were seriously injured and therefore doomed without medical aid. This excludes the large number of the surviving 60 per cent who would die from radiation sickness, exposure, starvation or disease.

The location and existence of five government bunkers to adminster what remains of Scotland is revealed in several Scottish Regional War Plans, and in the Aberdeen City War Plan, all obtained by the *New Statesman*. A Scottish Central Control at Kirknewton would house the Scottish Secretary and around 300 others. Other Subordinate Zone HQs for up to 200 officials are revealed to be at Anstruther in Fife, and East Kilbride. The General appointed as Scottish Military Commander would also have his own Armed Forces HQ.

The revelation of the Scottish targets of *Square Leg* bring the totals for the attack which the MoD anticipates for Britain to 125 weapons with a total yield of around 200 Megatons.

This of course excludes Northern Ireland and Eire. Earlier this week, we asked the Army HQ in Northern Ireland for this final piece of information, but the Ministry of Defence blocked any reply — and has not so far offered the information itself. With the MoD's own new campaign against CND being launched this week, they doubtless wish to avoid dwelling on the realities of nuclear weapons and their use. □

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THE OBSERVER

The big objection to Tiny

How does Tiny Rowland — who aims to be the next owner of the *Observer* — measure up to the special and exacting standards expected of newspaper proprietors? CHRISTOPHER HIRD and MARTIN BAILEY investigate his past and the way he has used his power.

IN LATE SPRING 1978 Roy Hattersley, then Minister for Prices and Consumer Protection, had to decide whether to refer the proposed takeover by Lonrho of Scottish and Universal Investments (SUITS) to the Monopolies Commission. The bid was devoid of commercial logic, since the businesses resembled each other in only the most superficial way. Both owned newspapers, for example: but SUITS in Scotland, and Lonrho in Africa. It was, in other words, a clear test of the government's resolution in dealing with conglomerate bids based on mere financial opportunism.

As Hattersley wrestled with the problem, Tiny Rowland, Lonrho's boss, demanded audience. Down the road in Whitehall, said Rowland, there was Hattersley's colleague David Owen, wrestling with the Rhodesian problem. Why not put them together in a deal? If Hattersley would let the SUITS bid go ahead, he, Rowland, through his good contacts with African leaders, could deliver a Rhodesian deal to Hattersley's colleague Owen.

Startled, Hattersley told Rowland that business couldn't be done that way in Britain. In the event, the SUITS bid was referred: but it was cleared by the Monopolies Commission, giving Rowland the springboard for his current attempt upon the House of Fraser stores group.

In one sense Rowland, for all his crudity, was right, and Hattersley wrong: business can be done that way in Britain, if politicians are prepared to go along with the wheeling and dealing involved. And pressures and trade-offs are everyday dangers of political life, even when they present themselves in less colourful form: the Price Commission, for example, often found its work hampered by government departments anxious to protect particular companies.

The significance of the story, against the background of Lonrho's decision to purchase the *Observer,* is that it shows that Rowland's attitude to influence-peddling is exceptionally uninhibited. And newspapers are attractive to such operators because, above all, they wield influence.

ANY DETAILED EXAMINATION of Rowland's fitness as proprietor of the *Observer* must start from the realisation that he is a lawbreaker.

In their 660-page report on Lonhro in 1976, the Department of Trade inspectors came to the conclusion that, in his dealing with the Inyati Copper Mine in Rhodesia, Rowland knowingly circumvented British sanctions regulations.

At the time of UDI in November 1965, Lonrho had relatively little business in Rhodesia. Through a chain of companies over which it exerted control, (though in which there were substantial outside shareholders) it had an interest in a mining company called Corsyn. Soon after UDI Corsyn, — on whose board Rowland served — took over the Inyati copper mine, on the basis of a favourable engineers' report. By the middle of 1966 it planned to spend substantial amounts of money on the venture, and in September it went into production. The failure of the *Tiger* talks, and the introduction of sanctions caused only a hiccup in the process.

The order from Lonrho in London to stockpile the output of the mine was soon overruled by the new Salisbury regime.

Under the terms of sanctions legislation it was an offence to 'do any act calculated to promote the exportation from Southern Rhodesia' of a variety of products, including copper. During 1967 Rowland was kept informed of good progress in the Inyati mine and in May 1968, with output planned to rise to 250,000 tons of ore a year, significant capital expenditure was proposed.

THIS CREATED a difficulty as the company immediately owning Inyati did not have the resources to finance such development. Lonrho accordingly proposed a scheme whereby it would buy a direct stake in the mine and find £1 million of finance for it.

In evidence to the inspectors, the chairman of Corsyn — Mr Forbes Davies — explained how he discussed the deal over the phone with Rowland who then visited Rhodesia, to iron out some misunderstandings over the terms. In this purpose he was successful and on 9 May 1968. Mr Davies was able to telex:

> Discussion with Tiny have considerably clarified proposed Corsyn deal . . .

Reading this, and the other telexes that passed between Salisbury and London, the Inspectors had little hesitation in concluding:

> It is our view that the transaction was carried out at the instigation of Mr Rowland and Mr Ball and that the purpose of the transaction was to provide finance for the development of the Inyati copper mine. In the context of the Rhodesian economy the development of a copper mine is likely to lead to the export of additional copper from Rhodesia. In our opinion the telex messages reveal a greater degree of involvement by Mr Rowland and Mr Ball in the matter than is consistent with the terms of UK sanctions legislation.

Rowland has always dealt with the accusation that he was sanctions busting by pointing out — with justification — that the larger villains were the oil companies. (His evidence played an important part in the seting up of the Bingham enquiry.) But this is hardly the point. Rowland and the Lonrho board knew what they were doing — the inspectors said they 'did not discharge (their) duty with care' — but continued with the business because it was commercially expedient.

THE D.O.T. REPORT was not, by any means, confined to Lonrho's sanctions busting operations. Of particular relevance to the current issue is his relationship with Mr Angus Ogilvy — Princess Alexandra's husband — who at the beginning of the sixties had introduced Rowland to Lonrho and thus put the company on its path of transformation from an obscure mining company to a £150 million a year multinational.

At the time Rowland promised Ogilvy that if he got control of Lonhro this would result in Ogilvy getting 'part of the action'. This was done by giving him an option over Lonrho shares held by Mr Rowland's private Rhodesian company. UDI created substantial problems for Mr Rowland, who left Rhodesia, but had to leave his own options over Lonrho shares behind. Over the next few years a scheme was devised whereby these options were transferred to Yeoman Investments, a company registered in the Bahamas.

Meanwhile Ogilvy had allowed his options over Lonhro shares to lapse in 1966. But in March 1968 Rowland settled 10 per cent of the share capital of Yeoman on Mr Ogilvy and Princess Alexandra, and their children. By early 1969 Mr Ogilvy's share in this company —

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which owned Lonrho shares — was worth around £1½ million.

But during 1969 rumours were increasingly circulating that Lonrho was involved in sanctions-busting. Towards the end of 1969 Sir Burke (now Lord) Trend — then secretary to the cabinet — and Sir Denis (now Lord) Greenhill — then permanent under-secretary at the Foreign Office — told Ogilvy he should resign from Lonrho's board at once.

As he did not wish to he wrote to Lonrho's chairman, Mr Alan Ball, asking to be assured that there was nothing to the stories of 'bribery and corruption, sanctions breaking etc etc'. He received the desired assurance.

A FEW MONTHS later in March Ogilvy, Ball and Rowland arranged a loan for Yeoman of $2 million from the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. Most of this money was usd to buy a half share in a Rhodesian copper mine, to be financed by Lonrho's money (though without the Lonrho directors knowing the full details). In addition, £60,000 of the money was paid personally to Ogilvy by Rowland — probably as part of an arrangemnt whereby Ogilvy guaranteed the loan to Yeoman. In June 1970 Lonrho took a seven year lease of a flat primarily for Ogilvy's use.

In other words, as Ogilvy was being advised to resign and as, to judge from his own account, he was considering doing so, *his financial ties with Lonrho and Rowland were being increased*. The Department of Trade inspectors naturally wished to examine how far these arrangements affected Ogilvy's capacity to act independently. Throughout 1970, 1971 and 1972 Ogilvy found convincing reasons against resigning. But when a major boardroom dispute at Lonrho became public in April 1973 he left the board.

Not however, before Rowland had made strenuous efforts to keep him. In particular on 16 April 1973 he wrote to Ogilvy thus:

> The understandings which we three reached in 1961 and the financial arrangements which followed later bring responsibilities as well as benefits . . . after the very substantial benefits we have all had, you have incurred a dual obligation to vote, to me and to the Company.

The inspectors concluded:

> It is apparent from this letter that Mr Rowland expected Mr Ogilvy to remain loyal to him in consequence of the financial relationship that had developed between them since 1961.

Rowland himself maintained that it was absurd to suggest that he 'bought' the directors. But both he and the inspectors agree that Ogilvy was not a strong character — and it was this weakness which Rowland exploited mercilessly once the long friendship came to an end.

In the period immediately before the Inspectors' report came out, Tiny Rowland's attitude towards Ogilvy became remarkably fierce — and is of some relevance in assessing the use he might make of a paper with the *Observer's* influence.

In June 1975 the Inspectors wrote to Rowland saying they were going to criticise him for exercising 'considerable pressure' on Ogilvy. Rowland, disagreeing with their interpretation, wrote to his colleague Sir George Bolton, friend of Ogilvy's.

> Only one person could have given such evidence and that is Angus himself . . . such evidence must have been perjurious . . . I am considering what steps I might take to establish in open Court the accuracy of my evidence, and consequently the inaccuracy of that given by Angus. It can then be decided which one of us has commited malicious perjury

BEFORE leaving the DoT report, one further feature of Rowland's behaviour should be noted. Much of the report investigated a massive £307,000 expenses claim which Rowland lodged to offset debts to the company. The inspectors thought this claim 'inconsistent with the facts' but, perhaps, more important they found

> that Mr Rowland was responsible for the deletion from the director's report of the sentence which would have given shareholders some understanding of the matter. We believe that Mr Rowland was primarily responsible for withholding information concerning the expense claim from shareholders.

This seems particularly disgraceful, coming from the man who expected Ogilvy's loyalty — as only the year before the shareholders had backed Rowland in major boardroom disputes.

A more recent test of Rowland's word came with the takeover of SUITS. One of the side effects of this deal was to give Lonrho a commanding 29 per cent stake in the House of Fraser stores group, which owns Harrods. The House of Fraser directors were particularly concerned that Lonrho might interfere in the company's management and that directors might feel under pressure to go along with the wishes of Lonrho for fear of losing their jobs.

In their evidence Lonrho said such 'apprehensions were unfounded'. They said they 'had no intention of materially influencing or controlling House of Fraser policy'. Lonrho gave its 'assurance' on this and the Commission accepted it. That was in March 1979.

A year later Lonrho tried to force House of Fraser to pay a dividend of 6p, rather than 4p, a share, and proposed to replace four directors by its own nominees. Last December it called a special meeting of House of Fraser shareholders to try and prevent the company raising £29 million by the sale and leaseback of its D. H. Evans store.

Both of these moves failed and this January Lonrho bid for the rest of House of Fraser: this is now to be investigated by the Monopolies Commission.

This was a strong possibility from the moment the bid was made on 28 January. At around the same time Robert Anderson, boss of oil company Arco, started to think of selling the *Observer* — now that his colleague Thornton Bradshaw had left to work for RCA. He had often discussed the idea informally over the previous eighteen months with Tiny Rowland and when he came to London in the middle of February got in touch with him.

Lonrho had told the SUITS enquiry that it might establish a national newspaper. In Lonrho, taking a business over is equated with starting one from scratch. So there was an obvious attraction in buying the *Observer* quickly: it would demonstrate Lonrho's determination to build up SUITS. Hence Sir George Bolton's remarks about the paper being run from Glasgow.

This might help avert an enquiry into the House of Fraser bid but, even if it failed to do that there was a consolation prize. Could the Monopolies Commission cope with two Lonrho bids at the same time? If not, Rowland would get the *Observer* anyway. Such a calculation would be nothing from the man who thought you trade in a Rhodesian settlement for a Monopolies Commission enquiry. □

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DISARMAMENT

Beyond the superpowers

E. P. THOMPSON returns from America to report on the growing European Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and how realistic and pragmatic the unilateralists now appear.

EVENTS in the past six months have effected an odd reversal of roles. Unilateralists, and also proponents of various schemes for the direct inauguration of nuclear-weapons-free zones in Europe (and elsewhere), now appear as the realists and pragmatists. This is now the only way in which anything might, just possibly, be done.

The high-minded multilateralists — or those who operate within the mind-set of 'deterrence' — appear as self-deceived ideologists and as impractical utopians. Who are they going to be multilateral with? Where? When?

Genuine multilateralism — that is, reciprocal initiatives to phase down or phase our armaments — can only happen if the lesser European powers take the action back into their own hands. And it now appears that this actually might happen, although only under unrelenting, continent-wide popular pressure.

The United States' refusal to ratify SALT II was an astonishing act of irresponsibility. True, the SALT treaties have nothing to do with disarmament: they offer only to control the escalation of nuclear weaponry. But SALT II was negotiated over seven years, by three US administrations. A great power which then tears such a treaty up has lost credibility: as Averell Harriman, the veteran US diplomat, has said, 'the conclusion will not be superiority; the end will be an arms race without end.'

No-one is looking sillier, in the aftermath, than the 'defence' establishment of the client NATO powers. For NATO's decision to 'modernise' its nuclear armament (of 12 December 1979) was taken together with a rider that trade-off negotiation on NATO and Warsaw Pact 'theatre' weapons should take place in the interim. There are now no such negotiations (although some preliminaries to preliminaries took place under President Carter, with no European seat at the table), and - with SALT II torn up - there is not even a framework within which such negotiations can be placed.

This is why scarcely a week passes without that consummate contortionist, Chancellor Schmidt, being seen with his foot in his mouth — or removing it for just long enough to eat his last year's speeches. His own party is coming apart around him, and the strong anti-militarist traditions of the SPD are asserting themselves. Influential voices are arguing that, since there are no negotiations, the NATO decision about 'modernisation' is now void. Schmidt is desperate for some US concession, however cosmetic. But will this come?

WHAT has come, instead, is Mr Brezhnev's dovish speech, containing a series of welcome proposals — the freezing of European 'theatre' weapons, and also of submarines, the monitoring of military exercises as far as the Urals, a European disarmament conference, and much else — proposals which call for an urgent Western response, and which place the United States squarely in the dock as the non-negotiator.

I think the Russian leadership is alarmed, and does want progress, on their own terms. (These terms include, as the least dovish portion of the speech — on Poland — made clear, the right to intervene militarily in 'fraternal, socialist' client states on Russia's borders.) Certain of Brezhnev's proposals ought to be supported by the Western peace movement.

What the peace movement ought NOT to do is throw up its hands in delight, campaign behind the Brezhnev (and World Peace Council) line, and drop its own independent proposals. For there are three serious flaws in the Russian position. The first is that, for reasons too complex to argue through here, peace and democracy *have* to go together: Poland has dramatised this: yet here, exactly, Brezhnev and his Politbureau *are* the problem.

Second, these are words (some of them good words) and not actions. They offer a possible perspective of protracted great power negotiations. But meanwhile the weaponry, on both sides, continues to escalate.

If anyone still doubts the immense inertial interests of Soviet militarism, they should read Boris Komarov's remarkable *The Destruction of Nature in the Soviet Union**, with its fearsome sidelights: the poisoning of Lake Baikal by a factory making hardened cord for bomber wheels; the general disregard of disregard of ecological regulations by the 'defense' industries; shoot-ups of wild life by high-ranking military (helicopter hunting for polar bears, troop-carriers assaulting Black Sea wild-fowl).

Third, and despite friendly glances at France and West Germany, the Brezhnev proposals are, as is to be expected, within the terms of superpower negotiations: a Summit meeting, while the rest of the world waits deferentially in the wings. Brezhnev is as much locked into 'deterrence' as any NATO expert.

> The military and strategic equilibrium prevailing between the USSR and USA, between the Warsaw Treaty and NATO, is objectively a safeguard of world peace. We have not sought, and do not seek, military superiority to the other side. But neither will we allow the build up of such superiority to us.

But this is, precisely, what is *not* true. The superpower 'equilibrium', with its continual upwards drift, 'objectively' safeguards nothing. And this superpower thinking presupposes also a political 'equilibrium' which allows no autonomy to lesser nations. Poland is ours and, maybe, El Salvador is yours.

IT IS EXACTLY at the superpower summit that any progress towards disarmament is most impossible, that vested interests and inertia are strongest. Hence Brezhnev's proposals — and I repeat that some of them are welcome — ought to be the signal, not for the peace movement to sit on the side-lines and watch the great superpower diplomatic rally, but to activate more intensively its own proposals.

The proposals of European Nuclear Disarmament are for direct disarmament by the lesser powers: if need be, unilaterally, and, wherever possible, by reciprocal agreement, in building a nuclear-weapons-free zone in Europe. Less than a year ago this was only an idea: as a continent-wide alliance of popular movements and persons, working to construct a tranquil space between both blocs.

Now the idea is already moving into the field of practical possibility. Already pragmatic politicians, in Norway and Yugoslavia, Holland and Belgium, are trying to break down the general idea into manageable steps.

A Norwegian friend passed through last week and told me that the debate in Norway today is not about whether to work for a Nordic or Baltic nuclear-weapons-free zone, but about *which* kind of zone to work for.

One tendency is arguing for the proclamation forthwith of a zone comprising Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark. None of these are nuclear-armed states, but they would rid themselves of bases and stockpiles; and it is hoped that by their example they might stimulate an extension into other parts of Europe, perhaps reviving a Rapacki-like plan which would take in Poland and the Germanys. The other tendency argues that this zone should be pro-

Andrew Wiard (Report)

E. P. Thompson at the last CND anti-nuclear demonstration in Trafalgar Square.

* Pluto Press

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claimed only if the Soviet Union matches it by removing its missiles from the frosty Kola peninsula. But they meet with a practical objection here, for the Soviet military have many ICBM sites on the peninsula (just across the ice-cap from North America). So that Russia would then be asked to dismantle strategic missile bases in return for a pledge from four non-weapons powers. Well, then, if that is an unfair trade, would the Russians agree, as part of a Baltic zone pact, to remove from Kola and Karelia any short-range or 'theatre' missiles targeted on Scandinavia? It is rumoured that informal discussions have encouraged a belief that, if it was put to them, the Russians *would*.

A more remarkable proposal — this time from an individual — came in my post last week from Warsaw. How about a deal between Poland and Britain, to remove all foreign troops and bases from both countries' soil? The Russian forces to leave Poland (but Poland to remain in the Warsaw Pact), and the USAF (and much else) to leave this country (which could, however, remain in NATO)? Would any Labour MPs be interested in attending a 'workshop' to explore the idea a little further, my correspondent asked? Would they?

WHENEVER Mr Schmidt or Mr Nott or General Haig get into difficulties, there is one standard remedy: to push up the numbers of the SS-20s. After the ditching of SALT II, the SS-20s have been worked overtime: they are the only argument left for NATO 'modernisation'.

SS-20s present a remarkably difficult epistemological problem. How do we know they exist? How can we know how many exist? The sources of information are extraordinarily polluted. Most news of them comes to us by courtesy of the CIA: that is, from those intelligence organisations which have a long track-record (on the evidence of Lord Zuckerman, and of many American experts) of inflating the figures of Russian Armaments.

I have no idea how fast the SS-20s are multiplying. But the latest estimates seemed to me a littly fishy, so I have been digging around in the vast piles of papers to which my study (and whole house) have been reduced in the past year's campaigning. This time it was the *Daily Telegraph* which led off (7 February) with a lead story, from Bonn, headed SOVIET SS-20 SITES ARE DOUBLED. (Mr Schmidt, we remember, was in difficulty with his party just then.) 'Almost 200' of these missiles had now been deployed and 'it would not be wrong to say' that the deployment rate has 'doubled', over the past year, from one per week to two per week.

This was then worked up in Schmidt's own speeches. Speaking at Frankfurt (*Guardian*, 19 February) he said the Soviet Union was building up SS-20s at 'an enormous speed and extent'. 'Some publicists in Western Europe' (no names mentioned) were falling prey to the 'psychological influence of Soviet propaganda' and failed to see this terrible threat. A government spokesman in Bonn had announced that the Russians were producing 100 SS-20s a year rather than 50 as 'originally assumed'.

If publicists in Western Europe are to double a number, then they must tell us their base-line. I have been checking back on the debate 13 months ago in the House of Commons on this same theme. The SS-20s were coming then, already, in fearsome numbers. Mr Churchill (Stretford) then said there were already 100 SS-20s deployed but Sir Frederic Bennett (Torbay) said there are 'at least 200 — probably more —

Contd on p 17

Diary

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

■ This week, Preston Crown Court heard the confession of a 'hit man' — a new development in this country but one which bears watching. Paul Sykes, a failed heavyweight boxer, admitted accepting £1,000 to beat up a trade union organiser. The organiser, Mr John Turton, woke up in hospital in such bad shape that he thought he had been in a road accident. The same court had earlier sentenced the management men who put Sykes up to it. Quite an interesting little story, but not exhaustively reported. Now, if the assailant had been a secondary picket . . .

■ It's always a pleasure to throw a little more light on Lord Goodman. As chairman of the *Observer* Trust, he was understandably nettled to find himself unconsulted about the sale. So, in the circumstances, it was fair enough of the *Daily Mail* to send round a reporter and ask him for his views. Here is what Goodman said:

> Does your editor know you are here? Ever since the days when I was chairman of the Newspaper Publishers' Association I have had an agreement with Fleet Street that I will not receive uninvited interviewers. If your editor cares to phone me personally and ask for an interview to be granted I may agree to see you . . . but it is highly unlikely.

Pompous ass. With people like that in charge of the press it isn't surprising that national newspapers are sold like bags of toffees. Incidentally, did you see that Tiny Rowland is being referred to the Monopolies Commission after all? For his purchase of *Harrods*! Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?

■ On what Roy Jenkins would call 'current projections', it won't be long before the 'new' party has more seats in the Lords than the Commons (and not much longer before it only has seats in the Lords). If the promised eight new peers join the present nine, there will have to be quite a flow of proper MPs to keep up. This will make an alliance easier with the Liberals, who have 11 MPs and 40 peers (the majority of them hereditary).

■ Jock Campbell, Lord of Eskan, leaves us this week. His years as chairman of the holding company (he retired in 1977 from the operating board) saw a number of clashes between the paper and the powers that be. Jock's support was no less effective for being discreetly expressed (I remember particularly his telephone call when we were in lumber with the Attorney General and the Old Bailey). We'll miss him a lot.

■ In spite of the Polish drama, the national press is shamefully neglectful of our fellow-Europeans in the East. But one man who has spent his career covering the subject is Paul Lendvai, whose book *The Bureaucracy of Truth* (Andre Deutsch £6.95) is just out. His publisher told me that Lendvai 'might be a bit right wing' for our taste, but I tooled along and had a drink with a very sophisticated Hungarian social democrat (who, unlike our home-grown variety, was once wrongfully imprisoned as a Trotskyist). His book describes how the countries of Comecon manage the news, and how they keep tripping up in their own distortions. Information becomes a prime contradiction of the system; often the rulers themselves are deprived of vital data. One of the best stories concerns Jiri Pelikan, director-general of Czech TV in the 'Prague spring'. He was attacked by Gustav Husak, now dictator, for his policy of critical programmes and disrespectful interviews. Do you imagine, Husak asked, that capitalist stations interview Communists, or ridicule their own bourgeois governments? I don't have to imagine it, said Pelikan, I've seen it with my own eyes.

■ I was reminded of that story while reading Sir James Goldsmith's new pamphlet on Communist penetration of the media, submitted recently to the media committee of the Conservative Party. It is a piece of torrential bullshit (the pamphlet, that is, though maybe the committee as well). Goldsmith's thesis runs thus: the KGB spends a lot of money on disinformation. Many damaging and critical articles appear in sections of the Western press. *Ergo*, the KGB is suborning our cherished free media. I assure you that I have condensed his argument fairly; there is nothing by way of a stage of 'proof'. In a mirror-image of the Husak world view, Goldsmith claims that criticism of the neutron bomb was directly sponsored by the Kremlin. I resent this, having written several pages against the weapon for no extra pay. And ▶

Roger Woddis

La belle dame sans raison

'There is something almost bizarre about the partnership between Mrs Thatcher, the Prime Minister, and her Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (Lord Carrington).' — Ian Aitken in the Guardian.

O what can ail thee, cautious lord,
In doubt and plainly worrying?
Thy combination seems to lack
That certain thing.

I see a furrow in thy brow,
From which observers might construe
That thou hast not been taken in
By ballyhoo.

'I serve a Lady for my pains,
An unrepentant feudalist;
Her talk of guts would indicate
She's round the twist.

'I pointed to the map and said
She would inflame the Arab zone';
She looked at me and I could see
Her heart was stone.

'So rapid a deployment force
As she doth crave is hardly wise;
And that is why a yawning Gulf
Between us lies.

'I saw some death-pale statesmen too,
And they were climbing up the wall;
They cried — "La Belle Dame sans Raison
Will fix us all!"'

'And this is why I mop my brow
In fear and vaguely wondering
What kind of long hot summer now
Will follow spring.'

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where does it leave Lord Chalfont, whose articles on the madness of neutron weaponry, while less eloquent than my own, probably touched more people? If spiteful and paranoid elements like Goldsmith had their way, then Husak would have been proved right and Pelikan would have had no free press to point to.

■ Goldsmith's register of subversive and anti-British elements had better be expanded to include Sir Martin Ryle, Astronomer Royal, whose pamphlet *Towards the Nuclear Holocaust* (Menard Press £1.50) is one of the best short statements on the matter I have read. The consequences of disarmament are often presented as frightening. Try thinking about the consequences of going on as we are.

■ Since I attended Oxford University, and since I am a socialist, the accusation that I am 'an Oxford-educated socialist' is a hard one to duck (though the socialism did, in fact, come before the institution). It is amazing, however, when the 'attack' comes from somebody who thinks that Bob Jones University is a centre of higher education, and Ian Paisley therefore a 'doctor'. Mary Holland would be the first to point out that she knows more about Ireland than I do. But if she knows that Bob Jones is a racist bible-belt degree mill, with no official accreditation, she gives no hint of it. Ever since 1954, Paisley has treated himself to bogus credentials from phoney institutions (well documented by David Boulton in his book on the UVF). Most of them were acquired by mail order. I don't deny that many people have fallen for his act, but that doesn't make the act any better. Least pointful of all is the accusation that this criticism is 'snobbish'. Snobbery, surely, consists in overstating your own worth, not in correcting other people's false claims.

■ I wouldn't normally quibble, but in my little piece about Raoul Wallenberg last week, the meaning would have been more precisely conveyed if the first sentence had said 'unlikely in the extreme' rather than 'likely in the extreme' when speaking of his death.

■ Why am I sent *The Property Letter?* I don't look, and I hope I don't sound, as if I have the money or the inclination to become a speculator. Yet it keeps coming, brash and nasty, full of inducements like:

* How to size up an area with a developer's eye.
* How to cut through planning obstacles like a hot knife.
* Where to look beneath the surface for the real paydirt.

Why, you ask, am I telling you all this? Because I noticed this week's demonstration of black citizens living in crumbling firetraps in South London, and I also noticed *The Property Letter* advising me to move in on 'Wandsworth; where the oil flows in the "Texas of London"'. Another heading ran, 'Gentrification — Still a useful way in for the newcomer.'

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcard, please.)

☐ Mr James Duffield, managing director of a furnishings company at Ilkeston, near Nottingham, is giving up his £20,000 Rolls-Royce for a Mini Metro because he does not want to upset the unemployed. 'A Rolls is like a red rag to a bull in the present economic situation,' he said. — *The Times* (Amanda Welles)

There's the rub

Arthur Marshall

WE HAVE agreed before in these columns on the absence of aural appeal when, and usually at the breakfast table, not always the best place for bright chat, a dreamer recounts a dream ('I was in this strange house, you see, and this rather weird old woman came in and said "Why are you always so horrid about Mrs Gandhi?" ') and so I will just restrict myself to informing you that the Queen and I continue to do our supermarketing together, now in Sainsbury's, now in Marks and Spencer, with Her Majesty often doing most of her shopping in the farinaceous section and defying the starch with a dozen cartons of Garibaldis at a time, if you please, together with the full range of cut loaves. She subsequently joins me in the fruit and veg ('How much are those whopping caulis?') and if you are wondering whether HM still pushes her laden trolley through the check-out point without paying and with a loud shout of 'I'm the Queen!', I am sorry to say that the answer is "Fraid so'. I do hope that the Russian magazine that pays me so generously in rouble and kopeck equivalent for permission to reprint in Moscow anything that sounds disobliging to both monarchy and establishment will understand, as they have failed to understand before, that these revelations are fantasy stuff and intended, however feeble, for funsters. I wonder what the Russian for 'chimera' can be. Odd that such a successful revolution should have produced such a glum lot, with all that lovely equality and everything to gloat over.

But now a helpful booklet has come my way which, among other treats that I shall in due course list, gives a fascinating, if sometimes rather agitating, interpretation of dreams. Thus, if I dream that I am riding on an elephant, it means 'trouble' (too true), which is really rather disheartening. There I am, and after a dizzy-making climb, all teed up in my 'personal' howdah, swaying wildly from side to side and trying not to be sick into one of dear old jumbo's ears, only to be warned that there is nothing but worry ahead. On the other hand, if I merely dream of elephants, I shall either win the pools or Ernie will turn up trumps (woefully unhelpful hitherto to anything in the 11 PL section. Anybody care to swop?). Then take Bananas, which we must I suppose and however distasteful it may be, regard as being a Freudian fruit (the print is small and I first misread it as Bahamas). If I dream that I am munching the things, it means that 'lovers deceive', a hint to keep Miss Right, of whom I have written, well away from the 'Myrtlebank' banana bowl. But if Miss Right merely sees bananas in her dreams, luck will come our way. Perhaps I should keep a handsome truss of the ripe fruit in a china display cabinet in the hall, firmly locked in case a sudden yearning for Vitamin C should prove too strong, but which she cannot fail to observe as she moves sedately from saloon to library, from sun-parlour to 'den'.

There then comes a heading which just says 'Balls', and here different meanings come, as well they may, into play. If you dream you are 'at' a ball, be it hunt or masked or fancy dress or Chelsea Arts, nothing but good (happiness, harmony and a thumping sum of money in a will) will come of it and, though it is many years now since my dancing pumps last saw action ('I say, what a topping floor!'), I have routed them out and dusted them down and aim to practise a little to a few 'strict rhythm' dance band records on my portable. But sorrow awaits, or so it seems, those involved in playing any sort of ball game. At my age, the only really strenuous outdoor activity that I now dare risk, so many churns having gone pop at tennis, is croquet. However dexterously I wield my mallet, however vigorously I roquet the yellow ball (ridiculous colour for telephone kiosks) and then send it flying into the rhododendrons, I am going to lose all my money. As to indoor ball games, I shall have to watch my step when the Bultitudes are one short for ping-pong in the rumpus room ('Sorry, everybody, but that silly old wrist of mine has gone phut again').

ALL THIS delightful information about dreams comes, I need hardly say, from Walker's Old Moore's Almanac for, what else, 1981 and now in its 138th year and which kicks off on the cheeriest of notes about the lady who now appears to be widely referred to as Our Leaderene. We are highly privileged, it says, to have somebody ready to sacrifice popularity in the public interest, the thoughtful paragraph then rushing on to speak disparagingly of inflation proof pensions, rent rebates and subsidised housing and adding, and all in one breath, great praise for law and order in the Isle of Man ('an example to all'). And nearby, for the booklet contains something for everybody, is a tremendous puff for cider vinegar, which can help, or so claims a Mr Hanssen, to put paid to almost anything you care to name — shingles, asthma, obesity, varicose veins, hay fever and, as though you hadn't already guessed it, constipation.

Old Moore, who by now must be old indeed, is very strong on timely reminders of important anniversaries, though what is important to some is not always important to others and thus we find Last V2 on London (1945) of equal status with Sheffield Reservoir Bursts (1864). And while there is naturally a place for Peace With Russia (and we are speaking of 1856) and Times First Printed by Steam Power (1814 or so it says), let us not forget the Indian Mutiny, Earth Tremors in Cumbria (1979) and Enthronement of Dr Runcie.

But it is in the anniversaries of deaths that the wild variety and limitless breadth of our strange world story are borne in on us. We have barely recovered from the departure of Dr Arnold, Joan of Arc and Trotsky, before we are grieving anew over Sheridan, Stalin and Victor Silvester. We spare a sad thought for Galileo, Wren and Leslie Henson before it is hankies out and we are shaken once more by the realisation that Marie Corelli, George V and the Empress Josephine are gone for ever. And although Old Moore does favour us with a few heart-lifting birth anniversaries (Lionel Barrymore, Nelson, Nell Gwynne) and some unusual companions (Shaw, Mussolini and our revered Henry Moore, no relation, all share joyous July dates), he greatly prefers the cemetery and those who, alas, now lie in it — Wagner, Cecil Beaton, Galsworthy, Bernhardt and, of course and by way of cheering everybody up no end, Marx. □

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Nukes

Contd from p 15

SS20s ranged against us.' Sir Frederic said that one new missile was deployed each week, but Mr Neville Trotter (Tynemouth) said 'their numbers are increasing at a frightening speed. A new SS-20 warhead is entering service every two days.'

The median figure proposed by honorable members then was one SS-20 coming at us every five days, from a base-line of 100. That should give us 177 today, at the original rate of increment. In the summer (6 July) the *Sunday Times,* in an editorial, said 'already 160 of these monsters are in place', and they were coming at a rate of one every five days. This should give us, exactly, 200 today. If Bonn is right and 'almost 200' are now deployed, then the Russians are falling a little behind their schedule.

It would seem, then, that nothing has doubled: the volume-control of propaganda has simply been turned up. And that (as we have long known) there are not only liars, but wilful liars, around. This is not, n.b., an apology for the SS-20, which remains both futile and menacing, and which should be stopped without waiting for any negotiations whatsoever.

MY FILES are so disorderly, I am overwhelmed with such a flow of mail which my replies can never staunch, that I am delighted to learn of a CND/END 'Media Watchers' group who will take up this job of watching liars, and do it more professionally.

This is only one of scores of welcome new initiatives of which I have learned since returning from the USA three weeks ago. Everything, in every part of this island is humming (and a lot is humming in the US peace movement also), and people are getting on with the work on a do-it-yourself plan.

A prime example is the Easter March to Brussels. This is the first continental demonstration — if you like, an Aldermaston over there. The idea was taken up by supporters in West Yorkshire, with an organising group at Hebden Bridge. In the face of scepticism they have succeeded in putting together an impressive alliance, with massive support promised from anti-missile and also anti-nuke groups and national movements in Holland, Belgium, Germany, France and elsewhere. It will be the actual evidence, both real and symbolic, of the European Nuclear Disarmament movement, and the British contingent ought to be large and representative. Details from Fred Hasson, 2 High Street, Blackshaw, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

With all this a plea for help. END is not a national movement with membership. Its co-ordinating committee brings together CND, the International Confederation for Disarmament and Peace, and the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation. Around this there are different specialist committees, task groups and initiatives. If we have not been good at explaining ourselves, and at securing people's help and advice, this is because all the initiators are utterly overwhelmed with work — meetings, writing, correspondence. Now we are having to travel outside Britain also. Ken Coates, Mary Kaldor and Stuart Holland were at an important meeting of European Socialists, Eurocommunists and Radicals in Madrid two weeks ago; Peggy Duff, I and others will be at a conference of European peace movements in Frankfurt next week.

The Russell Peace Foundation is continuing to carry a major part of the European communication and negotiation, which it is hoped will lead to a major European Convention next winter. Meanwhile, we are opening a London office (6 Endsleigh Street, WC1H 0DX) to co-ordinate scores of initiatives in Britain, and — give us a week or two to settle down — to serve as a centre of communication for activities and movements with a European dimension in Britain. We have launched an Appeal, for £25,000, and we need the first half of this urgently (cheques to 'European Nuclear Disarmament', please). Please. □

LETTERS

Borrowed plumes

From Peter Porteous

Mary Holland may be right (Letters 26 February) about all of Ian Paisley's credentials, but if he represents anything even remotely reverend (Doctored or Pastorised) Jesus Christ must be feeling even more betrayed than when that other 'friendly' disciple sold Him down the river for another collection, not of notes that time, but of silver.

17A Frognal, London NW3

Lynx-eyed

From Stuart Bartholomew

I am grateful to Julian Barnes for his endorsement of my observations concerning the television adaption of Malcolm Bradbury's period piece, *The History Man* (*NS* 20.2.81). Since I am now dubbed by him 'Old Lynx-Eyes' of Wirksworth I hope he will not be embarrassed if I point out that the surname is Bartholomew, not Bartholemew. I cannot help having an eye for detail.

14 The Causeway, Wirksworth, Derbys.

Grange Hill: fact or fiction?

From Keith Hinton

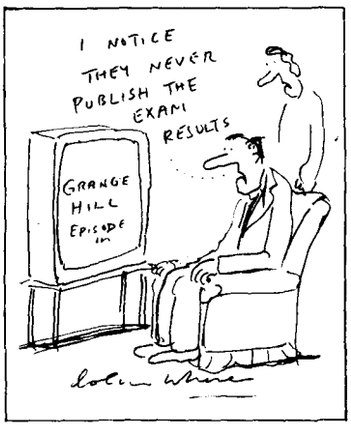
J. M. P. Hodgson in his article on Grange Hill (*NS* 27.2.81) seems to have an unrealistic view about what some comprehensives are really like. He objects that the programme shows the pupils apathetic and uninterested, the teachers uncaring and unable to maintain discipline.

As a student who came from a large comprehensive in Luton, where the catchment area was mainly a large council estate, I must agree with Phil Redmond that it would be unrealistic for the programme to show the school as a place where the pupils are always well behaved, interested and acting as Mr Hodgson feels they should. As Redmond says, the one reason why Grange Hill is so popular is because children can identify with it.

I am a socialist and my experience has not disillusioned my belief in comprehensive education, because as bad as it can be, under the system of 11+ and grammar schools I would not have got into higher education as I have done.

True, the media does have its stereotyped images and likes to discredit comprehensive schools, but you will do them no good by portraying them as something they are not, as J. M. P. Hodgson seems to think Grange Hill should do.

64 Church Road, London W7



A reply to Albert Spanswick

From Tim Gopsill

Albert Spanswick's protestations (Letters 20 February) about my article on his treatment of staff trying to form their own union at COHSE Head Office let loose a good number of hares, some of which are still running around.

The proposal to amalgamate the 'staff' and 'officers' side of COHSE's own Whitley Council bargaining structure did come from the officers, but was accepted by the staff when separate unionisation was not a real alternative, before APEX recruitment started. After the changes in the staff leadership, they lost interest, even as Albert got keener on it. If Albert knew just who was in COHSE among the staff, why did he write to Chris Perry on 22 August last year: 'I might add that I have now had our membership researched, and it is quite a high proportion of the Staff'?

The article did not say that the staff were 'disenfranchised . . . by Albert . . . in defiance of the rule book'. It said this was a consequence of their not being in a Branch, which is. Rule 8(a) of COHSE says: 'The union shall be divided into Branches, to one of which every member shall belong . . .' which seems pretty clear to me. For Albert to claim that 'no request had ever been received' for one to be formed hardly exempts him from an obligation to comply with the Rule. Indeed, the NEC decision to recognise APEX carried a rider, that a COHSE Head Office Branch be set up, without any such request.

The decision has now been carried out. On Monday of this week staff and officers at Head Office were bussed to the Cora Hotel, Euston, where they duly voted to set up a COHSE Branch, despite being told it wouldn't necessarily bring industrial benefits. But, considering Albert's persistent refusal to allow dual membership, the fledgling branch, with everyone but APEX members in it, should have the effect of preventing APEX growth and its claim for sole bargaining rights. The APEX Branch is now sticking out for majority representation for the staffside of the structure, but has been told by Albert that it must negotiate with COHSE itself for the allocation of seats.

The breach of rule in the lack of a head office Branch is compounded on the membership computer print-out to which Albert refers. I have a copy of it, and it lists the head office members in 'Branch 0001', which has not till now existed. (It also lists Albert as member 00014, joined August 1953.)

It is neither here nor there that the NUJ didn't meet on the premises until recognised. It hardly needed to, with only three members at the time, all working in the same office, who could confer whenever they liked. It was also not seeking bargaining rights. The point is that APEX *wanted* to meet on the premises. Perry, Mallory and APEX outside officials had applied for permission five or six times, and always, when they *got* replies, been refused. They held three meetings in a draughty village hall down the road — including after recognition, for 00014 allowed no on-site meeting until 11 December, and that, suddenly and coincidentally, when the national press got onto the story.

I never said there was a 'sequential connection' between the staff vetoing the amalgamation and the NEC recognition decision the next day. That the NUJ accepted there was 'no connection' between Perry's departure and his APEX recruitment means nothing. Without having met Perry before they went in, the representatives were inadequately briefed and were not in a position to challenge 00014's allegations with much force.

At the Regional Council meeting that passed the 'no confidence' motion Standing Orders may well have been suspended — as indeed they were — but the fact remains: the council meeting, under whatever procedure it chose, voted no confidence in 00014 by 34 to 27 (with 23 abstentions). No full-time officers were present because they had all specifically withdrawn for the discussion.

At any rate, 00014 has indeed declared the four motions on the matter at that council meeting out of order, and is now to write a 'special letter explaining the background' to the area's branches. This quotation is from a statement from the union's National Executive Committee, which last week rejected all the regional motions of no confidence in 00014. It also resolved not to hold an enquiry into the affair.

But the regional officer, Mike Somers, given a final warning by 00014 for his part in the 'leak' of the DHSS document, has won a humiliating victory over 00014. His appeal against the disciplining has been unanimously upheld, with full legal costs, by an NEC disciplinary committee.

London NW10

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Can art change people's thinking and behaviour? **Paul Binding** looks at the example of Germany between the two wars

Life, death and literature

IN HERMANN Broch's *The Death of Vergil* (1945), the Roman poet, confronting his own impending death, is obsessed by the apparent inadequacy of art and of his own lifetime's devotion to it. In the face of the suffering in society, isn't the production of even an *Aeneid* a near-indulgence? Vergil is tempted to destroy his work, feeling that he has failed in a sense of reality. Professor Taylor quotes from Broch's novel the following passage, disturbing to all of us who cling to belief in the fructifying properties of the arts:

> So it must have been with Orpheus and his song, for he was an artist, a poet, a charmer of the ear, poet and audience alike held in the spell, he and *they captivated by the daemonic beauty*, daemonic in spite of his divine gift, a bringer of intoxication, not of salvation — and even this he should never be. For the *true* saviour has shed the language of beauty and penetrated beneath its cold surface, beneath the surface of poetry.

These doubts are not confined to the role of the Orpheus-like lyricist. Mann's *Magic Mountain* (1924) was a spectacular best-seller in Germany; ten years later some of his readers must have sufficiently forgotten its dissections of European sickness to embrace, or at least accept, Hitler. Brecht's prime conscious ambition from the mid-Twenties onwards was to propound Marxist doctrine vividly and unequivocally. Yet Professor Taylor cites with evident agreement Max Frisch's later observation:

> Audiences running into millions have seen Brecht and will see him again and again. I venture to doubt whether anyone has as a result changed his political thinking or even seriously examined it.

The position of the artist vis-à-vis society and political activity, the question of his or her ability to become an 'unacknowledged legislator of the world' — these problems are all the more daunting in the case of Germany between 1918 and 1945 because its history and internal conflicts have shaped our own riven world. Is it not therefore inevitable that German artists — holding up mirrors to the life around them — should be judged by their ability to perceive their country's progress towards Hitler and by their subsequent stances? As the fine poet Nelly Sachs (1891-1970) wrote:

> What secret cravings of the blood,
> Dreams of madness and earth
> A thousand times murdered,
> Brought into being the terrible puppeteer?
> *(translated by Michael Hamburger)*

The sickness that swept his country in the Thirties was more destructive than any earlier pinpointed by Mann; no callers came to arrest Kafka himself, but a decade and a half after his death they came for his three sisters, all of whom were murdered in the extermination camps.

Literature and Society in Germany 1918-1945 by RONALD TAYLOR *Harvester* £22
The World of Franz Kafka edited by J. P. Stern *Weidenfeld* £9.95

Professor Taylor's patient, sensible, deeply rewarding study falls into two, logical sections: 1918-1933 and 1933-45. In the first, the author views the much-charted history of Weimar's fragility and collapse with perhaps too relentless a sense of hindsight. The hostile Wilhelmine enemy within, the pervasive sense of *Fronterlebnis* (Experience of the Front) to which Hitler appealed so profoundly, the warring political factions, the Allies' harsh exaction of the reparations payments — these are familiar but only partial explanations of what happened *in* as well *to* Weimar.

Weimar did make a genuine contribution to European culture — the Expressionists, bold experimentation in theatre and cinema, the Bauhaus, movements towards a greater understanding of sexuality as at the Hirschfeld Institute. And these things were not to die with the fall of the Republic, but were to be carried out of Germany by the exiles and to exert a considerable influence on post-war Western thought, not least in the Federal Republic of today. One gets closer to the more positive aspects of Weimar culture (and, too, to its ultimate doom) in Stephen Spender's *September Journal* (1939) than we ever do in Taylor:

> Ten years after the war, Germany was full of peace,it dripped with peace, we swam in peace, no one knew what to do with all the German peace. They built houses with flat roofs, they sunbathed, they walked with linked hands under the lime trees, they lay together in the pine forests . . . like living in the atmosphere of a Blue Period Picasso.

Yet it was people under 40, and from all sections of society, as Professor Taylor reminds us, who responded most readily to the German renaissance under Hitler, to the calls of *Deutschland erwache!* As Spender continues:

> The German tends to think of his life as an operatic cycle emerging from a series of myths. *There was the War, then there was Inflation, then* there was the period of Youth and the Weimar Republic, then there was the Crisis, then there was Hitler. Every German can readily explain him- or herself in terms of What We Have Been Through.

A NATURAL mythopoeic tendency, fostered by a long literary tradition, a passivity of attitude to life, these surely were the dominant sicknesses of the between-the-wars German middle classes. They are sicknesses profoundly relevant to any account of Kafka, the subject of an anthology edited by Professor J.P. Stern which will surely become required reading for anyone concerned with 20th-century culture. Its essays are, without exception, individual and incisive.

Stern points out, as he has elsewhere, the remarkable way that Kafka's victims accept their fates. In *The Trial,* Josef K. makes desultory attempts at self-defence, but from the first his behaviour suggests a curious admission of guilt and collusion with his oppressors. Some of the best essays — for instance, Welsch's 'Rise and Fall of the Jewish-German Symbiosis' — place Kafka and his work in a firm social and cultural milieu. Others insist on finding the key to Kafka's spiritual and social autopsies in his relation to his father and family and direct us to the protracted confessions and accusations of the strange 'Letter to His Father'.

But for me no essay shed more light on Kafka's mind and art and on the whole German cultural tradition than Walter H. Sokel's 'Freud and the Magic of Kafka's Writing'. It was the practical, potentially optimistic/humanistic aspects of Freud's thought that Kafka could not accept. 'There is only one illness and medicine hunts it blindly like a beast through unending forests,' he wrote, and the illness was Life itself. In the conflict that Freud postulates between Eros and Thanatos it is hard not to see Kafka (who said that 'coitus is the punishment for the happiness of being together') as — reluctantly — on the side of Thanatos, Death.

Indeed, reading Professor Taylor's clear accounts of those writers and intellectuals

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who, to their credit, had no truck with Nazism, one can perceive a deep alliance with Thanatos in German *Hochkultur*. Mann's obsession with the sick and the weak, Rilke's fixation on the dissolution of the whole external world in the light of an inner one, Hesse's complete rejection of humdrum human demands, Jünger's vision of perpetual war as the only condition which deserves the name reality, Brecht's contempt for emotional appeal and his doctrine of alienation — here is a deep-seated repudiation of ordinary life's satisfactions such as I do not believe occurs in these writers' French, British or American counterparts.

TWO thousand writers left Hitler's Germany. They included distinguished figures — the Mann brothers, Brecht — and unknowns who will never receive due honour. The conflicts of mind that led to their departure, that made exile so painful and yet often so creatively productive, are analysed by Professor Taylor with insight and compassion. He is at his best in the final chapter on the literature of exile with its desperate, emotionally charged search for historical parallels for the Third Reich.

But he is scarcely less impressive on those German writers who stayed. Among these were only two writers of indisputable consequence: Gottfried Benn, who heralded the Nazis with praise, was later snubbed by them for former degenerate tendencies, and grew disillusioned — only after 1948 did he again write major poetry; and Ernst Jünger, who practised a disdainful fellow-travelling out of which came the anti-totalitarian allegory *On the Marble Cliffs* (1939). Benn and Jünger can, I suppose, be counted among those writers who pursued a policy that was called, perhaps self-flatteringly, *Innere Emigration*. Though there were some who found themselves forced into protest — and taken off to camps — a depressing number tried to reconcile their artistic consciences with careers in the Nazi state. It is, as Professor Taylor shows, perhaps the most telling indictment of these last that they produced no work worthy of the name of literature, nor any of even ephemeral interest.

Was Broch right then to entertain such a despairing view of art in Germany (though his Vergil does in fact preserve the *Aeneid*)? No, he wasn't, because to do so is to take too limited a view of history. Hitler's Germany was not, as it is too often regarded, the only possible summation of German history and culture — it was *one* summation, a horrifying one. But now other Germanies, of which Broch's novel can provide a moving and potent voice, are manifest again. □

Bruce Page on Crossman and the progress of Labour's soul

Diaries of infancy

CROSSMAN'S THREE previous volumes gave a glittering, Cabinet-insider's acount of the manly noon of Labour in Whitehall: cross-referenced now by the Castle diaries, which continue to the end of Wilson's leadership and the onset of aged evening under Callaghan.

Infant morn — the backbench manoeuvring which preceded election — is the present offering's subject, and there's a danger of it being thought less important. But the sequence which Donne applied to the progress of a soul is no less necessary in analysing the progress of a party. The *Backbench Diaries* are irreplaceable evidence for anyone wishing to understand the sad narrative of Labour's condition.

Luckily, importance does not equate here to tedium. First, Crossman's deadly talent for gossip survives across the years; second, there is the fascination of his own unguarded responses. Like Machiavelli, Crossman shocks because he admits to professional deformations which others, if they share them, will intricately conceal. A newscast on the night of President Kennedy's assassination:

> Then on came George Brown. At the first moment I saw that he was pissed. He jumped up and down and claimed a very intimate relationship with Kennedy. He said, 'Jack Kennedy was one of my best friends', and I knew quite well that George had only seen him twice in his life . . .

Not an attractive response. But Crossman's own, if truly recorded, was scarcely more refreshing, in that it drew comparison with Hugh Gaitskell, the Labour leader, who had died recently in oppostion:

> When Anne (Mrs Crossman) said, 'Oh, his poor wife', I couldn't help saying, 'Dora Gaitskell is much worse off than Jackie (Kennedy) because Jackie had three years and Dora didn't have a day of it . . .

Such computations, Crossman perceived, were apt to alienate him from 'any ordinary normal people'. His frankness about the moral temper of the world he inhabited has drawn from one commentator — Simon Hoggart of the *Guardian* — a stirring call for the press to inject fresh energy into its invigilation of character-defects among the political elite. Fair enough, perhaps, but on Crossman's account the press will not be able to operate from any elevation of its own:

> Whenever I feel really depressed about the stinkingness of politics, I take a dive into Fleet Street and see what stinkingness really is . . .

That was occasioned by the need, as a contributor, to spend many gruesome evenings among the Mirror Group's boozy apparatchiks. But after a spell at the *Guardian,* Crossman returned to the *Mirror* with 'relief'.

SO FAR from dating, the proceedings of the Fifties and Sixties seem uncannily akin to the Eighties. Splits, expulsions and walk-outs were the stuff of Labour politics, and generally the chief issue was this week's dominant one: can Labour's enduring anti-nuclear sympathies be reconciled with the national commitment to NATO?

The same curiosity applied then as now: a disproportion between the emotional violence of the dispute and the substantive issues involved. To Crossman, and even to others, it seemed not rationally impossible to find agreements to unite most brands of multi and unilateralists against unbridled nuclear enthusiasm in a Tory government. But the protagonists were more urgently concerned with inflicting damage upon each other:

> I managed to see Hugh (Gaitskell) for a moment . . . and said, 'There seems to be a chance of a unanimous report'. (A committee from the NEC, the unions and the PLP had been examining the nuclear issue.) He replied, 'Oh, not unanimous. There's no chance of Frank Cousins . . . no chance at all . . .'
>
> My impresssion is that what they want is (an) agreement *excluding* Cousins and the unilateralists, since this is the only way to achieve the reversal of Scarborough (the 1960 Labour conference at which as in 1980, a unilateralist policy was adopted) . . . If last year Hugh was in the minority . . . this year Cousins must be in the minority *and at least they must be on opposing sides.* (Emphasis added.)

Why should the politics of the British Left present so envenomed a character? Moral depravity in its personnel is an explanation only if there's nothing comparable in similar trades: not in Crossman, or anywhere else, is there evidence to take us quite that far. More credible is the possibility that something in our system of politics exaggerates deficiencies in the characters of those who are attracted to it.

Politics, of the Left especially, is the business of procuring change and movement. Yet a notorious characteristic of Westminster's system is that its opposition is excluded, with a thoroughness almost unique among democratic societies, from any such possibility. During the 13 years of stasis which preceded Labour's accession in 1964, Crossman more than once abandoned his diary because political life seemed 'so useless' as to make the recording of it loathsome.

'Expect poison from the standing water', says Blake, and that intuitive psychology goes far to explain the ascendancy in opposition of personal animus over political purpose. Why should the same apply in the immediate aftermath of a long Labour hegemony, when by orthodox calculation the prospect should be imminent victory over a discredited enemy?

MY SUGGESTION is that Labour's experience in office has not been substantially different from its experience in opposition: stasis, frustration and the consequent deterioration of political character has been almost as thorough-going. This is not directly the fault of those who remain within the Labour coalition or of those who have separated from it: the status quo in Britain is especially resistant, if only because during this century it has never been shaken or overthrown, as have most of its European counterparts.

But most of Labour's chief practitioners — whatever their present allegiances — shared a significant error during the period Crossman illuminates. They hugely under-estimated the problems of procuring creative change (as against Thatcher's merely destructive effect) through elite access to a system of narrowly-centralised controls. Because of this, Labour ended its period of rule empty-handed, without the victories and collective experience which a radical coalition must have by way of binding energy.

Those breaking away have had, on the whole, greater than usual access to the facilities of centralised elitism. One can ascribe their decision, variously, to arrogance, to superior experience, or to the irrationality which frustration induces: it is, in any case, an irony which Richard Crossman would have appreciated. □

The Backbench Diaries by RICHARD CROSSMAN
Edited by Janet Morgan *Hamish Hamilton/ Cape* £15

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James Campbell

Writing in the good old way

Ideas and the Novel by MARY McCARTHY
Weidenfeld £4.95
Lectures on Literature by VLADIMIR NABOKOV
Weidenfeld £12.50

'Great ideas are hogwash.' It can be assumed that Mary McCarthy would not approve of Nabokov's *Lectures on Literature*, of which that is the central dogma. He declares that style and structure are the essence of great literature, while she moans that, as a modern novelist, she cannot 'philosophise in the good old way, any more than I can write "We mortals".' (That hasn't prevented her trying; the *NS* reviewer of her last novel complained that it was full of 'dissertation, exposition and didactic homily'.) Mary McCarthy dissociates herself from the novel as fine art, in which the author's role as commentator is valued below the power 'simply, awesomely, to show'.

The motto, or counter-motto, for her series of Northcliffe Lectures, of which this thin book is the text, is Eliot's pronouncement on Henry James: 'He had a mind so fine that no idea could violate it.' This, she claims, sums up a creed to which modernists still cling today. On James's shoulders lies the blame for the fact that the modern novelist suspects ideas to be somehow 'unsightly' and for the feeling that he ought to be regarded as an intelligence 'superior to mere intellect'. Part of McCarthy's purpose, then, is to illustrate, with reference to Dostoievsky, Stendhal, Dickens and others, how important is the place of ideas in the novel, and indeed how many different places for them there are. The 'novel of ideas', is not to be conceived only as the sort — best exemplified by Huxley's *Point Counter Point* and Mann's *The Magic Mountain* — in which characters pace up and down discussing, demonstrating, contradicting until, it can often seem, the end of time; there are also, for example, the 'missionary' novels of Lawrence who, although he loathed the intellect, lived for ideas and whose novels would have been nothing without them; even James himself was snared in the trap of an idea. When, in *The Spoils of Poynton*, he managed to relate the story of a contest for possession of some furniture which is never actually identified, his strategy was to 'abstract the general noun, furniture, from the particulars of the individual pieces' thereby giving us — hey presto! — an Idea. Which leaves the Master hoist by his own petard, does it not? Maybe it does, but it also leaves Mary McCarthy a good deal of room in which to manoeuvre her argument, and she does so with vertiginous facility, swerving when necessary to avoid encountering obstacles.

According to her, in the modern period special dispensation to juggle ideas has been granted only to Jewish novelists, to practitioners of 'deliberate archaising' such as Iris Murdoch, and — the strangest assertion — to the 'unusual solution' of Robert Pirsig's cross-country journey with philosophical interludes, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*. Pirsig's trick, she says, was to refrain from calling his book a novel, thus disarming reviewers and teachers 'who, as always, are the reader's main foe'. Miss McCarthy, who taught literature during the Thirties and Forties and who is still a frequent contributor to reviews, was not disarmed: according to her, this is what was needed to revitalise the novel.

It is depressing to hear Mary McCarthy rehearsing the tired old 'novel is dead' theme with variations. Pirsig did not invent a solution: he didn't write a novel. A more valid example — avoided, presumably, because it would have provided an objection to her argument — would have been Henry Miller who, beginning in 1932, wrote a series of books with philosophical interludes which drew a compliment from, among others, Eliot, and which to the author's mind were not really novels although they still are obstinately classified as such. I have never seen that it mattered.

There are many other examples of novels of ideas besides the 'exceptions' she claims. Kerouac's novels are composed of ideas: the fact that they are puerile is beside the point. Does Golding count as a novelist of ideas, and if not why is Malamud considered one of those to whom a special licence is granted? Mailer, she concedes, is someone trying to be a universal authority in 'the good old way', but then what about James Baldwin, whose latest novel has many pages of ideas which belong not in the head of the narrator but in the far more interesting head of James Baldwin? Is Vidal an exception? Is Heller? The list of exceptions goes on and on until it begins to look as if the novel of ideas has never been away. If, that is, Mary McCarthy's widening of the term 'ideas' is accepted. Is she too hoist by her own petard?

Elsewhere, *Ideas and the Novel* suffers from being a series of lectures dressed to look like a collection of essays (the acknowledgment to the Northcliffe Lectures, unmentioned in the blurb, is hidden among the copyright data, and no acknowledgment is made to the *London Review*, where much of the text originally appeared), with too many loose ends: 'If you think of Proust, you will see the difference . . .'; 'I am not sure whether this makes Lawrence better or worse than Mann . . .' In an essay, McCarthy would have cut or developed these trailing threads.

THE LACK of minute detail in Henry James makes it no surprise that he was not one of the subjects of Nabokov's course at Wellesley and Cornell, now providing the material for *Lectures on Literature*. Considering the small article of 'the commonest domestic use' manufactured by the Newsome family in *The Ambassadors*, but never identified, McCarthy guesses that it was a brass safety pin, and is content to leave it at that. Nabokov, had he been interested, would not have slept until he had firmly established its nature, size and means of operation. 'Caress the details', he urged his students, promising that the rest would follow. His own desire to caress often leads him into a puzzle in which Nabokov, like a detective at the scene of a crime, strives to gain greater knowledge of the act than its perpetrator: 'Kafka seems to think that Gregor's urge to approach the window was a recollection of human experience. Actually, it is a typical insect reaction to light.'

Few will question the luck of the students who heard these lectures (although when John Updike writes in his introduction that his wife, who was there, cannot to this day take Mann seriously, one begins to wonder if Nabokov

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might have been *too* good a teacher — a reader's foe, in fact). As novelist, Nabokov fits his own description of the role as a combination of teacher, story-teller and enchanter, and this volume proves that he was all of these as lecturer too. But the feeling persists that the altered sentences of *Mansfield Park*, the sketches of Gregor Samsa's flat, the notes on precisely what kind of insect he was ('if the "numerous little legs" mentioned in the beginning mean more than six legs, then Gregor would not be an insect from a zoological point of view'), all lovingly edited by Fredson Bowers and magnificently produced, belong not in a book but in the archives. Nabokov's wit and insight are often dazzling but despite his exhaustive — and exhausting — search for details to caress, he has little inclination to animadvert except where the chance of a game-within-the-game is sighted. Beneath the glitter he is an old-fashioned critic: *'Beauty plus pity* — that is the closest we can get to a definition of art.'

Many of these lectures (on Flaubert, Stevenson, Dickens, Proust and Joyce in addition to those mentioned) are half-composed of passages from the work under discussion, as if the lecturer were addressing an audience which had only just become acquainted with the text. Which, of course, he was. □

POETRY

Michael Schmidt

Sweet voices

Ten North-East Poets edited by Neil Astley *Bloodaxe* £3
A Brightness to Cast Shadows by DAVID CONSTANTINE *Bloodaxe* £2.50
The Winter Festivals by NIGEL WELLS *Bloodaxe* £3
Selected Poems by DAVID HOLBROOK *Anvil Press* £5.95
Xenia and Motets by EUGENIO MONTALE *Agenda Editions* £3

Among the struggling smaller presses, Bloodaxe Books suggests how, at a lean time, editorial vocation can make a silk purse out of the sow's ear that is poetry publishing. Bloodaxe books are well-designed, well-produced, justly priced — and, what's more, most of them are worth reading.

Ten North-East Poets, edited by Neil Astley, the prime mover of the enterprise, is a kind of polemical shop window for Bloodaxe. The poets included are, by and large, hitherto uncollected. They share a few characteristics: residency in the North-East, a sense of this context in their poems, a wariness of the effete experimentalism that we might tend, after the 1970s, to associate with Newcastle-on-Tyne. Less happily, the Muse seems to bestow her attentions exclusively on men up on Tyneside.

The book is dedicated to Tony Harrison, evidently by common consent of the contributors, though apart from George Charlton none seems to follow Harrison's practice very closely. In his excellent preface Astley evokes the Harrison virtues: 'technical virtuosity, classical precision and colloquial vigour' — 'the poet's tone and voice are exact, individual and unaffected'. Of the ten poets represented, none possesses all these virtues, but the three who stand out most clearly — Charlton, James Longwill and David Constantine — have, in varying degrees, some of them. It would be impossible to adduce a school or a movement here: most of the poets are apprentices following one trade with very different tools, almost as if in isolation, learning too little *in common*. For all the literary activity of the North-East, both in this and in earlier generations, it appears the making of poems there remains unnecessarily lonely, the poets busy in private workshops with windows on a shared reality. One comes away from the anthology grateful to Astley for his acumen and for the clarity and precision of his advocacy in an introduction which is frank, realistic and engagingly readable. One also comes away eager to read more of the work of David Constantine.

This is fortunate, since Bloodaxe have just issued Constantine's first book. It is an extremely uneven volume, but the best work in it is very good. His poems are unfashionable in every sense: fragile, tentative, approximate, sometimes mannered; and yet in a rapt way assured. What gives the poems their distinction is the beautiful handling of syntax, usually over long and carefully rhythmed sentences which make full use of the enjambement. The sense is drawn out taut and clear. This is 'Someone at least':

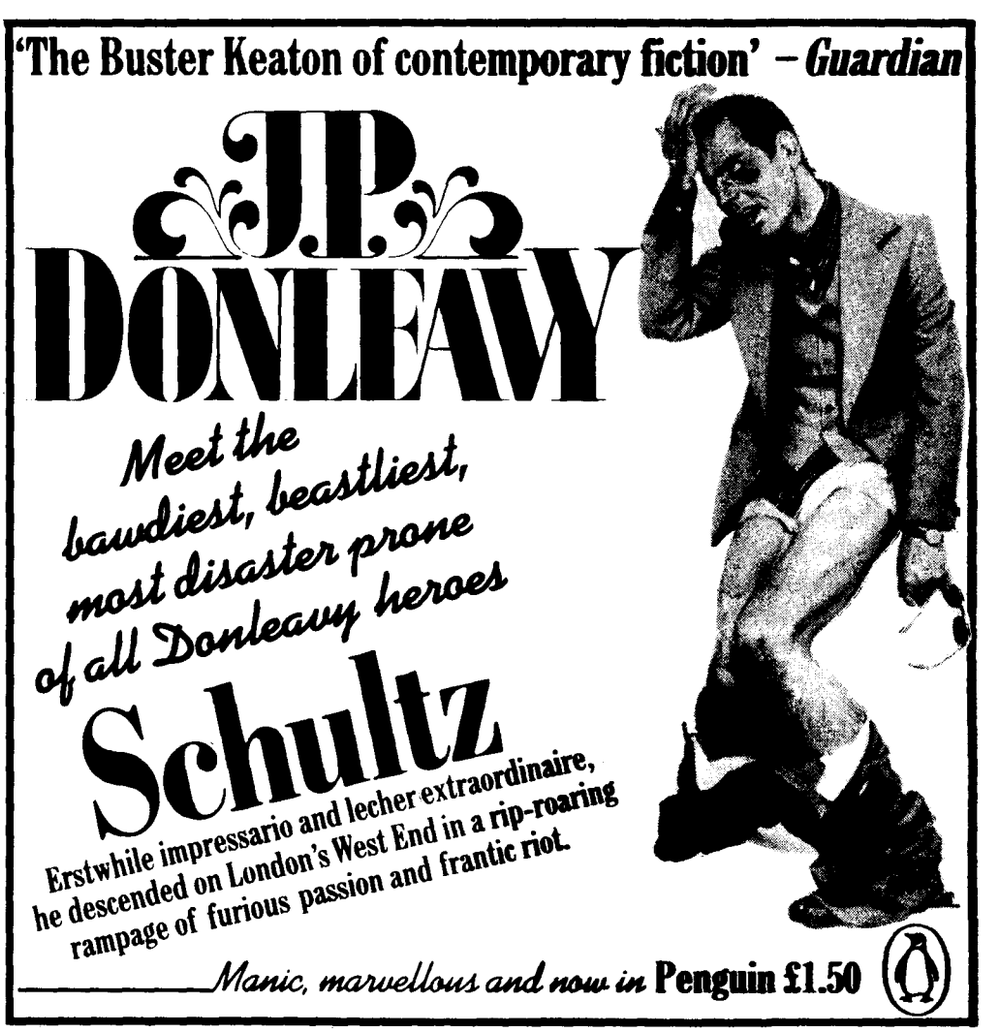
> Someone at least reading about beauty in a room
> Above the city has turned from the lamp once having heard
> Her step behind him on the creaking board and until
> Morning then and until, close in the eaves, birds woke
> He was allowed to lie on the narrow bed with her
> Under the maps that papered the sloped ceiling
> Embracing her freely and planning with her journeys.

Apparently Constantine has studied the poetry of Hölderlin. I am not surprised: his study has not made his poems 'literary' — rather, the reverse. They are direct in their pursuit of what they have to say.

If Constantine's syntax is mimetic, Nigel Wells in his first book — also from Bloodaxe — seeks energy in a rather selective, gritty-balladic diction and in reiterative rhythms, insistent and harsh and perhaps a little monotonous. It is brass to Constantine's woodwind. In a better age Wells would make a fine rural balladeer. As it is, he seems driven to a kind of privacy of reference by the absence of a sense of community. He sings to the dead, sometimes in worn-out language — a puzzling poet both in what and how he speaks, but the puzzlement, if unresolved, is stimulating.

THE BLURB for David Holbrook's poems invites comparison with D.H. Lawrence — at least in the area of 'candour and spontaneity'. The poems are candid and the over-writing suggests a kind of spontaneity, but we will look in vain for Lawrentian force in the rhythms and for Lawrentian inventiveness in the forms. Holbrook is an anecdotal poet at his best. The more ambitious poems release symbols and archetypes — but the author is always at our elbow. Sometimes his proximity is helpful, sometimes irksome, as it can be irksome to have too garrulous a guide when we are trying to make imaginative sense of what we see.

Xenia and Motets brings together Montale's two major sequences of love poems written almost 30 years apart — the early *Motets* (1934-9) essentially 'figurative', the *Xenia* (1964-7)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richly literal, among the poet's masterpieces, precisely and movingly spoken, at once intimate and, especially in their elegiac strain, universal. Kate Hughes's ambitions as a translator are modest, and her achievement is as she would wish it: she has printed her versions on the page facing the Italian originals, and we can use her as we might our Temple Classics Dante to feel our way through the Italian. No — the versions are better than that, even though the Italian originals dwarf them. Here is a part:

'Did she pray?' 'Yes, to Saint Anthony
to help rescue wayward
umbrellas and other items
from Hermes' cloakroom.'
'And that is all?' 'Also for her dead ones
and for me.'
'It is enough,' said the priest.

This little book is another fine example of Agenda Editions. □

FICTION — 1

Nicholas Shrimpton

Castrations

We Always Treat Women Too Well by RAYMOND QUENEAU *John Calder* £8.95
The Noble Enemy by CHARLES FOX *Granada* £6.95
Land's End by PETER FRANCIS BROWNE *Secker* £6.50

'Sitting dreamily in an armchair she was dressed only in a brassiere, in a girdle of the most modern type fabricated at that time, and in tight silk stockings, their seams strictly vertical.' Author, author? No, not Micky Spillane or Harold Robbins, much though the circumstances might suggest them. Our heroine is not waiting for her dry-cleaning to be delivered. She has taken her clothes off because, while making love on a post-office desk, her lover has had his head shot off ('the body continued its rhythmic movement for a few more seconds') and her dress has been soaked in blood. In a few moments' time she will be back on the job, and another shell will leave another lover even more cruelly cut off in his prime. 'It was for you', he will murmur, handing over the severed member. And she, with more tenderness than tact, will deliver the impromptu epitaph 'Poor little thing.'

The writer responsible for this bawdy and brutal stuff is, you will be surprised to discover, the distinguished French intellectual Raymond Queneau. Best known in England for the film of his novel *Zazie dans le métro,* he was a linguist, a philosopher, a poet, a historian of mathematics, an experimental novelist and a director of the monumental *Encyclopedie de la Pleiade.* He published *We Always Treat Women Too Well* under the pseudonym Sally Mara in 1947, the same year as his masterly *Exercises de style,* and finally owned up to it in 1962. Since then it has appeared in France under the distinguished imprint of Gallimard rather than the lurid Editions du Scorpion, and Barbara Wright has translated it into English with reverent ingenuity.

Revelations of this kind are always intriguing. In Anglo-Saxon terms it is, I suppose, rather as if the Master of Balliol had belatedly put his name to an album of *Songs For Swinging Lovers* or the President of the Royal Society had confessed to an earlier career as editor-in-chief of *Knave.* But the sober truth is that *We Always Treat Women Too Well* was never really a piece of popular art and its failure as pulp could always have been predicted. The book is an elaborate intellectual joke, no less jocular for being in part addressed to a serious concern.

Fundamentally this is a parody of James Hadley Chase's *No Orchids For Miss Blandish,* the sadistic gangster novel which enjoyed such extraordinary success in wartime Europe and which Orwell denounced as 'pure Fascism' in a famous *Horizon* article of October 1944. Queneau was echoing that opinion in *Front National* only three months later. By 1947 he had shifted from criticism to mockery, producing a version of Chase's plot in which the humiliated kidnap-victim outdoes her brutal captors in calculating immorality.

If that were all, this might be a tough and telling piece of cultural commentary. Unfortunately Queneau's mandarin playfulness drives him to complicate the recipe. He sets the action in the Dublin uprising of 1916 and borrows his characters from Joyce's *Ulysses.* A few excellent jokes result. But on the whole the consequence is erudite whimsy of a kind which makes it hard to see the book as anything but a literary curiosity.

MACHISMO continues to be the flavour of the week in Charles Fox's *The Noble Enemy,* an adventure yarn set in the contemporary Wild West. The hero, Mike Avizo, is a half-breed Indian who has stopped a stray bullet in a particularly embarrassing spot and is therefore obliged to vent his emotional energies on dogs. When his favourite phallic substitute, a ferocious bull terrier, is itself killed, Avizo goes off in despair to wintry Idaho. There, unexpectedly, the love of a good woman enables him to re-erect his self-confidence. But fresh disaster looms. Invited on a hunting trip, he discovers too late that his companion is the town stud and that a posse of vengeful husbands is pursuing them through the woods. Hunters and hunted alike get snowed in and promptly spend some 40 days re-running the plot of all your favourite survival epics.

It's actually better written than a summary of this kind can suggest and the account of illegal dog-fighting is a memorable piece of descriptive journalism. But as fiction it is, of course, merely a fragment of deep-frozen Hemingway, shoved in the microwave oven and served with some topical garnish. Men are men, women are women, nature is implacable, sno-cats are speedy and the whole business goes on for at least a hundred pages too many.

One thing that must be said in favour of Peter Francis Browne's *Land's End* is that it is, for once, not about castration. That, however, is the only thing to be said in favour of Peter Francis Browne's *Land's End,* a novel so feebly conceived and incompetently written that it almost leads one to doubt the publisher's sanity. The plot is a mish-mash of *1984* and *The Day of the Jackal,* the geopolitics on which its vision of the near-future is based are absurd, and the prose is simply deplorable. 'They were a heterogeneous bunch with, it appeared, little in common' was my personal moment of despair, but there were plenty of phrases like it. And the theme? 'We're entering a second Dark Age, Jack, and that's a fact', says our thoughtful hero in Chapter 26. If this is modern fiction, I think the second Dark Age just arrived. □

THE ISLE, THE SEA AND THE CROWN
by Philippa Burrell

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38 Goodman Court, Calow, Chesterfield, Derbys.

FICTION — 2

Judy Cooke

Losing innocence

The Fate of Mary Rose by CAROLINE BLACKWOOD *Cape* £5.95
Secret Places by JANICE ELLIOTT *Hodder & Stoughton* £6.50
Bellefleur by JOYCE CAROL OATES *Cape* £7.50
A Sentimental Education by JOYCE CAROL OATES *Cape* £6.50
The Lord of the Sea by M.P. SHIEL *Souvenir Press* £6.95
Ducks and Drakes by SUE KRISMAN *Heinemann* £6.95

Caroline Blackwood's third novel is elegant and unpleasant, a skilful horror story that keeps the reader on the hook even when the book is set aside. The mutilated corpse of a six-year-old is found in a Kent wood: who killed her? Another child is at risk, body and soul: who is to blame? *The Fate of Mary Rose* offers no easy explanations.

The narrator, Rowan, is a successful historian, cold enough to marry a girl he despises, guilty enough to do so because she is pregnant. He sets her up in a life-style he loathes — country cottage, home-made bread — and keeps a mistress in town. His rare visits to his family are made tolerable by heavy drinking, sometimes to the point of blackout; whisky dulls his revulsion from Cressida's obsessive maternalism and the passivity of little Mary Rose. The reader is with him much of the way: they do sound a drag, those two.

The news of a local murder throws everything on to a new level of meaning. Rowan has presented himself as rational and self-contained; we gradually realise that he is also deeply cruel. Cressida is his perfect mate, a prostitute's daughter, hell-bent on revenge against men and now the victim of mounting hysteria. Between them, Mary Rose . . . And somewhere in the plot, a homicidal maniac.

I do advise reading the book in a warm, well-lit room. There is nothing gratuitous about the author's treatment of evil; she is honest, angry and uncompromising and that is quite scary enough.

Janice Elliott's *Secret Places* is also concerned with the death of innocence but it is a much sadder, deeper book, reflective rather than moralistic. It is a story of adolescence, set in a girls' school during the last war. The pupils go home 'swinging their satchels and gas-

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masks' to an absence of fathers, brothers and boyfriends — that is, until the Yanks arrive. The teachers encourage favourites, punish independence and watch factions develop, sometimes conscious of their own involvement, sometimes responding blindly to politics or passion. The claustrophobia of the all-female community is beautifully realised and against this backdrop we see the main protagonists: Nina, the authority on Life and Fashion; Barbara, the bully, good at games; Patience, clever, plain and bound to be rewarded; dreamy Rose, always remembering other people's birthdays; the newcomer, Laura, exotic and vulnerable, a refugee, a focus of sexual and social rivalries.

It is difficult to do justice to this quiet, authoritative text within the compass of a short review. The friendship between Patience and Laura carries the seeds of its own destruction; we know that from the first and read on with a sense of dread which is at every turn defeated. The book is full of surprises. It examines the human tendency to distrust the outsider; the lust for a scapegoat; the poignant truth that unacknowledged love can cause more suffering, even, than outright hatred. Pace and style are faultless, characterisation is subtle and the overall design has been triumphantly achieved.

AFTER TWO such remarkably good reads *Bellefleur* is a disappointment, a cumbersome epic without any sustaining, central myth, a legend located in American history and, more particularly, within the author's consciousness. Joyce Carol Oates anticipates criticism; her preface defends the book against charges of narrative inconsistency and states 'this is a work of the imagination and must obey, with both humility and audacity, imagination's laws'.

Well, I'd buy that; trouble is, you can break all the rules and still be dull. *Bellefleur* is an energetic, well-written account of six generations, a mansion and a landscape but for me it never becomes a novel. It is a long, long series of literary exercises, a bit of Brontë here, a pinch of Poe there, a hint of Hawthorne. The bizarre Bellefleurs are introduced chapter by chapter. Leah gives birth to a monster and calls the girl Germaine; Jean-Pierre is a mass murderer; Veronica is wooed by a vampire; Samuel loses his soul to the ghosts and all of them suffer from the family curse, the inability to love. Heady stuff, which I am sure many readers will enjoy. I found it emotionally thin and, in spite of the author's invention, ultimately unrewarding.

The stories in *A Sentimental Education* are far less ambitious but more entertaining; they are wry, intelligent, mainly about failure. A divorcee remarries hastily, disastrously. A timorous liberal witnesses a violent crime and loses all sense of security. A vain man takes his mistress home while his family is away only to find her slashing her wrists in his expensive bathroom. Joyce Carol Oates's characters are haunted by a deathly sexuality; even young love, described in the title sory, has tragic consequences. 'In the Autumn of the Year' is perhaps best, a biting portrait of an elderly woman writer brought face to face with reality by a middle-aged man, her ex-lover's embittered son.

Now some vintage Gothic: M P Shiel's *Lord of the Sea,* first published in 1901 and reissued in the Nightowl series of fantasy fiction. The plot lurches from episode to episode but centres on Richard Hogarth, gentleman and Jew, his eyes variously red and beautifully brown, his eyelids having 'a way of lifting largely anon'. He plans to rule the world by harnessing the power of a fallen meteor; is thwarted by Baruch Frankl, cad and Jew; gaoled unfairly, rescued, regarded as 'the special Anti-Christ of England'. He ends in Palestine. You think this is confusing, already? Try the book.

Last and, in this case, least, *Ducks and Drakes* by Sue Krisman, a story that needed stringent editing but didn't get it. Carrie and Bob are a well-heeled couple, bored with marriage, who think to make money by opening an artists' colony. Carrie takes the poetry teacher as her lover and *he* turns out to be on the run from terrorists. Implausible and muddled; charmless, too. □

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID SWEETMAN's book of poems, *Looking Into The Deep End,* will be published later this month by Faber.

PAUL BINDING, formerly deputy literary editor of the *NS,* is working on a critical study of Stephen Spender.

MICHAEL SCHMIDT is founder and editor of *PN Review.* His most recent novel, *The Colonist,* was published by Muller last year.

JUDY COOKE teaches in the extra-mural department of London University. She is the author of a number of short stories and the novel *New Road.*

JULIAN BARNES was, for a short time, goalkeeper in the *NS* football side.

Francis Wheen

Street life

Down and Out by TONY WILKINSON *Quartet* £6.50 & £2.50

Tony Wilkinson, a reporter for the BBC programme *Nationwide*, spent a month posing as a down-and-out in London. He tramped the streets looking for casual work, and he slept in any place that was cheap and available — underneath the arches at Charing Cross, in hostels and in seedy bed-and-breakfast joints.

This territory is not entirely uncharted; but most of the writings on the subject in recent years have been by those who operate the system — whether they be researchers at the Supplementary Benefits Commission or volunteer helpers in soup kitchens — and the voice of the 'consumer' has gone largely unheard. George Orwell is a mighty exception, but it is now half a century since *Down and Out in Paris and London* and one might reasonably assume that the creation of the welfare state had wrought a considerable change. Wilkinson shows, starkly and impressively, that this is not so.

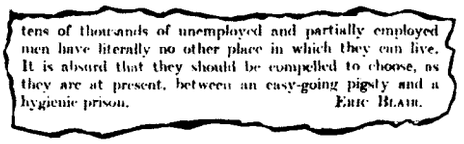
The catch, of course, is that Wilkinson is not a genuine consumer. He knows that after his month on the streets a warm bed and a comfortable job await him, and he is honest about this: at the end of his stint, during which he has lost half a stone and experienced real misery, he admits that 'I knew I was still the rich kid playing at being poor'. However, like a good actor, Wilkinson thinks himself into his part while he is playing it; and, like a good writer, he keeps his eyes and ears alert. There is, for instance a telling moment when he buys a cup of tea in a vegetarian cafe in Hampstead:

> As I joined the line at the counter, some of the libertarian clientele mistook my rough looks for peasant chic, but then, one by one, they noticed the grime on my shirt, vest and coat.

Wilkinson is good, too, at reporting the eccentricities and the surprising scraps of knowledge which dossers often possess (such as the down-and-out in a hostel who starts reciting Yeats's 'Coole Park and Ballylee' over breakfast). There are also numerous examples of those glorious stories in which dossers seem to specialise:

> 'Did you know Alsatians came originally from wolves?'
>
> 'No.'
>
> 'Yeah, there was this bloke took his collie dog to Alaska or somewhere like that, and it mated with a wolf in the fucking forest. Yeah. And he took the puppies back with him to Europe. And that's how Alsatian dogs started.'

The burden of Wilkinson's account is, however, far from glorious. There is much less public sympathy for down-and-outs than for


tens of thousands of unemployed and partially employed men have literally no other place in which they can live. It is absurd that they should be compelled to choose, as they are at present, between an easy-going pigsty and a hygienic prison. ERIC BLAIR.

Extract from an article by Eric Blair (soon to become famous as George Orwell) published in the *NS* in 1932; Wilkinson's book shows that little has changed since then.

'normal' unemployed people, the feeling being that they live in squalor because they wish to. It is undeniable that many dossers make no effort to escape from their plight — but only because their minds and bodies have been broken by alcohol and their spirits have been bowed by the unremitting humiliation they endure at the hands of officialdom and the public at large. Yet grudges are not borne: Wilkinson reports that 'no one I spoke to suggested that society was at fault for their condition. . . They were all far too wrapped up in their own survival to worry about the system as a whole'. The message from the welfare state is not so very different from that of earlier times: you have taken the Queen's shilling and have thus forfeited the right to be treated as ordinary citizens.

The state has no compunction about placing these people in vast, primitive and prison-like institutions, even though surveys of dossers have shown, not surprisingly, that a majority of them would much prefer a measure of cleanness, privacy and independence. The Campaign for the Homeless and Rootless has proposed the closing down of all slum lodging houses and 'spikes', arguing that they should be replaced by self-contained or shared rented housing, or by small, specialist hotels and 'cluster flats' for those — such as alcoholics — who require additional support. The government has made it quite clear that it intends to do nothing of the sort; so down-and-outs will remain trapped.

One cannot blame those dossers who resign themselves to a lifetime in this cage, for it is devilishly difficult to escape. Perhaps the most affecting scene in this remarkable book is set outside a government Job Centre where, in freezing weather, people queue all night in the hope of work:

> Tomorrow they would be first in line for the pick of the casual jobs. If they were lucky, they would earn a full £11 for an eight-hour day in the heat of some backstreet kitchen in Soho or Kensington. But, for that privilege, they would first have to brave the cold of the night.

Never has the Thatcher-Friedmanite motto 'Free To Choose' seemed more preposterously out of touch with the real world. □

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TELEVISION

Julian Barnes

Live like hogs

JOURNALISTS sometimes write for newspapers of a rival political persuasion on the grounds that their presence in the despised pages prevents someone more dangerous from getting the space; besides, it amuses them to be paid by an organisation of which they disapprove. A generous critic might be tempted to ascribe a similar motive to Malcolm Muggeridge, who appears on television almost as frequently as he denounces the vile medium from the pulpit. As long as *I'm* on the box, his argument might run, there's one slot the fewer for lies, filth, violence and consumerism.

However, a glance at *Muggeridge — Ancient and Modern* (BBC-2) rapidly disabuses one. The fellow quite obviously adores both the medium and its massage. He must also be more than a little fond of himself, and of the continuing universal drama of his life; how else would he have agreed to this unprecedentedly self-regarding project? Eight hours or so of the Old Self looking back, as in a Beerbohm cartoon, on the Young (or rather, Fairly Old) Self, and commenting on the difference. The first episode brought us two of the FOS's TV films from the Sixties — one about his childhood, the other about India — in which the famously sneering tone was richly indulged. Cut to the present day, and the OS sneering back in its turn at the FOS: 'What a terrible man I was . . . there's a certain arrogance about that man narrating there . . . I can't imagine a more unpleasant person.' He lacked all 'humility'; he was 'laying down the law all the time'.

Did you believe him? Did you, perhaps, instinctively feel wary of one claiming such late-learned humanity? It was certainly hard to spot any difference in manner between the OS and the FOS; only one in targets. After all, the Old Self was laying down the law from the kickoff: 'Literary style — it's all humbug . . . etc' Perhaps he decided to stick it to his former self because he thought this was what we would least expect; after all, being unpredictable has always been his most predictable stance.

And in view of the zeal with which he has sought to wrong-foot us down the decades, there was one pleasing moment where he was himself nicely wrong-footed. In his 1966 film, he asked his old schoolmistress what he had been like as a child. A diabolical flicker of ink pellets, always booing the National Anthem — this was the response he, and we, seemed to expect. She replied, 'You were always willing to run errands.' A gratifying moment; and there, perhaps, we have it. Muggeridge has always been a kneejerk provocateur, and everyone needs to go through a phase where being confronted with reflex paradox does them good; so here lies his proper social function. He is the errand-boy of adolescence, cycling up and tossing a bag of questions on the doormat. Put them between your teeth and they all bend, like counterfeit half-crowns; but at least the exercise strengthens your teeth.

Where Muggeridge has been a professional quince, Huw Wheldon has always been Fortnum's jam; smooth, rich and By Royal Appointment. So it goes against the grain to say that *A Valley in the Desert* (BBC-2), narrated and co-written by Sir Huw, was a delightful and unfaultable programme; but there it is (as he would say). It traced the 'mild and innocent impulse' which inspired the Welsh emigration to Patagonia in 1865, and chronicled the hardship and eventual prosperity of those involved. The language and influence of the emigrants continue: there are gauchos called Hosé Hones (read J for H), and octogenarian grannies rustle the local Welsh newspaper over their cup of maté. Chapel hymns ring out across the plain; and on 28 July, anniversary of the first landfall, the local Welsh newspaper over their cup of cake as they can manage. Tactfully filmed and narrated, and entirly unpatronising, this was a model programme (producer: Selwyn Roderick).

IN *I Heard It Through the Grapevine* (ATV) James Baldwin returned to the 'war zone' of the Deep South. The trip brought us some appalling archive footage from the very recent past (Florida rednecks wading in — literally and metaphorically — to a party of beach desegregators); a strong sense of how things have changed, and yet only partly changed; and a ringing declaration from the novelist at the end about the illusion of believing that the world and the West are white.

Peter Brook, in *Arena* (BBC-2), was also turning away from albocentric culture. The dramas he elaborates with his multinational travelling theatre company are based on Indian epics, African history (the plight of the Ik), even the tribal songs of Australian aborigines. One switched on with a sneaky temptation to scoff, and there were times when Brook's loud proclamations about theatrical universality sounded brave but tinny; yet the fluid, resourceful acting brought a silencing contribution. The extract from *The Conference of the Birds* had an eerie, quelling power. Quite what the urban, white Adelaide audience who had bussed out to a disused quarry for their fill of universal myths made of it all was another, interesting question. And one that should have been asked.

Jana Bokova's natural mode is questioning, even if she normally edits out everything except the answers. In *Omnibus* (BBC-1) she swung her interrogatory camera across the stetsoned fatties who shop at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas. Most of them seemed to come to Needless Markups, as it is locally known, for no other reason than to exercise their already well-toned spending muscles: 'Darling, no one *needs* anything — one *wants* things' was the most telling cry prised from the overdressed dudes who strut the shop. It certainly seemed a place where the cocoon of money is all-protecting; as one elegant fortyish black woman remarked, 'If you've got money, then discrimination doesn't bother you at all.' At the end of this discreetly revealing film, Jana Bokova (playing her usual off-screen mumble) started asking everyone whether they were happy: after all, isn't happiness meant to be unconnected with cash? Wrong, white man. All of them — women stockaded in furs and men plumed with ostrich — pronounced themselves extremely happy. Foremost was a svelte dudess: 'I'm in hog's heaven,' she declared, with an unwitting precision of language, 'Texas men are wonderful. Well, some of them are jerks. . . '

Was he wonderful? Was he a jerk? The subject of the question is Martin Scorsese, with whom Melvyn Bragg had a hard time of it the other week on *The South Bank Show* (LWT). Scorsese played the idiot genius all the way along the line. Sweating, swivel-eyed and muttering incomprehensibly, he gave a very good imitation of someone coked out of his mind. The cutaways of an increasingly alarmed Melv were something for the connoisseur. This week he was back to his more relaxed self for a much-billed interview with Elizabeth Taylor. She came across as sweet, straightforward, and bone-achingly dull, except for a brief flurry about the unprofessionalism of Method actors. For once, Melvyn's mildly adenoidal condition (this column doesn't believe in mentioning such things; but what are rules for?) threw up a happy find. Miss Taylor's role in *The Mirror Crack'd*, we were informed, required her to play 'the Queen Bum of Hollywood actresses.'

Meanwhile, in Washington, Britain's own Queen Bum met Hollywood's ex-prince. And did you *see* her frocks? Regal hues, flyaway collars reminiscent of ruffs, and puff-biceped sleeves; all this, topped off by a swirling halo of golden hair pulled back off a high forehead. That subconscious cry of Snap — what set it off? Try watching the repeat of *Elizabeth R* and you might find the answer. □

OPERA

Andrew Clements

Hullabalulu

Lulu *Covent Garden*

The Royal Opera House managed to sidestep the problems of staging Berg's incomplete second opera for 40 years, but at last caution has given way to wholehearted acceptance. Götz Friedrich's production of *Lulu*, conducted by Colin Davis, is the first chance in Britain to see the three-act version that was given its premiere in Paris almost exactly two years ago. At the time of the Paris performances I sketched in the background to the opera, to the state of the score as Berg left it, and to Friedrich Cerha's completion and orchestration of the third act after the death of Helen Berg in 1976. Cerha's work has since been so fully accepted it's now unthinkable that *Lulu* should be performed in anything other than its full, symmetrical three acts; as the final summation of the tradition of grand opera in the 20th century its place in the repertory of the world's major opera house should be assured.

The Covent Garden production is of course a vital stage in the opera's assimilation; but whether it does full justice to Berg's conception is another matter. That it does full justice to the score is more certain; Colin Davis has clearly absorbed Berg's music into his bones. More than a decade ago he conducted *Wozzeck* at Covent Garden, and now his account of *Lulu* seems effortlessly idiomatic, nicely balancing rhythmic strength and soft-edged lyricism. The interludes between scores demonstrated this most clearly, and the musical definition seemed even sharper in the Radio 3 broadcast on 24 February than it had on the first night, partly because the noise of the scene-changing intruded less. Davis's achievement must be marked among his more important contributions to the Royal Opera.

Deep down inside Götz Friedrich's conception of the opera also there is something that is natural and unforced. But in the course of elaborating this initial *gestalt* into a comprehensive

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production too much has been added that blurs characterisation and obscures relationships. From the prologue, in which a ringmaster introduces the characters in terms of raw animal types, Friedrich has extrapolated much of his ensuing gloss: the set throughout the opera is bounded by the remnants of the initial circus cage, characters enter and leave by the tunnel doors; the stages in Lulu's career, its snakes and ladders, are heavily underlined by the reappearances of the Ringmaster to gaze balefully down upon the action. This ever-present ramming home of straightforward dramatic points starts out as a tolerable producer's tic, but soon becomes intensely irritating, besides preventing the parts of the Ringmaster and the Acrobat being taken by the same singer as Berg directs. Many other details of Berg's scrupulous stage directions go by the board as well. This only occasionally matters, though the last scene in particular would have been clarified by more faithful translation.

HAD Friedrich been more successful in teasing out the main threads of the scenario, presented the main characters in more depth, cast a better perspective on the compassion as well as the black farce of Wedekind's/Berg's libretto, these trappings would have mattered hardly at all. At the centre of the opera, of course, is Lulu herself, and enthusiastically as Karen Armstrong throws herself into the part, exuding an authentic musky sexuality, she never for a moment suggests the sympathetic character that attracted Berg to the libretto and ought to engage our sympathies also. There is nothing vulnerable about Armstrong's Lulu, nothing to make one think that she is capable of selfless, uncalculating love. Her relationship with Dr Schoen is treated on the same level as those with her other husbands and clients, and the fulcrum of the opera is thus weakened; when Lulu shoots Schoen at the end of the first scene of the second act she also kills the only part of her that is honest and true to herself. This is hardly obvious at Covent Garden, where Schoen's significance is diminished, though this is not the fault of Gunter Reich, who sings and acts with considerable care.

In the circumstances it isn't surprising that Lulu's Song, her moment of self-justification, goes for nothing, subsumed into the general action. Armstrong's singing artfully disguises the inadequate top notes but is never beautiful in its own right; Ryszard Karczykowski's Alwa, however, is beautiful, as successful in its terms as we have any reason to expect in this hazardous tenor role. With the central act played as hard as possible for its farcical absurdities, Glenys Linos's small-scale, poetic Geschwitz is given no chance to establish herself until the final scene which, at the first performance at least, was a farrago of incomplete visual images and inadequately thought out actions. Why, for instance, should Lulu join with Jack the Ripper in shredding her portrait — this sudden need to atone for a past life is entirely out of character for this Lulu — and why must the final murder be carried out on stage, in direct defiance of Berg's wishes?

An insect-like Geschwitz, an over-asthmatic Schigolch (Erik Saeden), and a cardboard Acrobat (George Packer); but a believeable Painter from Robin Leggate — his crucial confrontation with Schoen in the centre of the first act is one of the highlights of the evening — and Emile Belcourt's Marquis is another addition to this very fine singing actor's gallery of rogues and villains. The casino scene at the beginning of the third act, when the Marquis tries to blackmail Lulu, is one of the successes of the production, its cluttered strands well articulated; another is the stark, neo-expressionist film for the second-act interlude, for once counterpointing rather than detracting from the accompanying music. One left the first night annoyed by trivia (some critics, it must be said, were ecstatic). Yet there is enough in the production to merit attention, and there would be even more were a firm hand to trim away some of the excesses. And there is always the glorious sound of Berg's masterpiece. □

FILMS

John Coleman

Guilt-edged

Ordinary People (AA) *Plaza*
The Great Santini (A) *Gate 3, Camden Town*
Private Benjamin (AA) *Warner; Classic, Oxford Street; London release*
Von Stroheim Season *NFT, to 31 March*
Murnau: Poet and Painter *NFT, 9-22 March*

The boy comes down to breakfast without appetite and, before father can josh him into taking a bite, mother has briskly whisked away his plate and is pushing the french toast down the waste disposal plug-hole. Robert Redford's debut as a director fairly resounds with such quick, quotidian cruelties, the wanton wounds of family life where consanguinity lends itself all too readily to emotional haemophilia, and to that crucial extent he defuses the class-war complaint that we should all be so lucky as to have upper-middle cushioning when the real bad things happen. Hurt, in this case set festering when a beloved and golden elder brother drowns in a boating accident, hurts just as much among the well-to-do of North Shore Chicago as among cinema-trendy tenement-dwellers and the defiant title of Judith Guest's first novel, from which Redford has had Alvin Sargent draw a keen screenplay, *Ordinary People*, proves pretty well judged: some awfully ordinary people, after all, lurk behind the paraphernalia of privilege. No major country better testifies to this than America, that affluent cauldron of guilt, and its cinema has always shown a weird generosity in publicly displaying its qualms. There is a tradition of worried decency in transatlantic film-making that has received less than its due. The main weight of critical effort has gone to explaining it away, talking in terms of cop-outs.

Redford's *Ordinary People* is about young Conrad (Timothy Hutton), remaining son of WASP parents, concerned Calvin (Donald Sutherland) and unloving Beth (Mary Tyler Moore), the tormented lad home again after his brother's death and his own hospitalisation after a suicide attempt. Beth, her given ration of love spent on the gone first-born, is a smoothly functioning carapace, a suburbanite exemplar going through the motions as wife and hostess rather than the emotions as partner and mother. The groomed, outwardly impeccable Miss Moore, a delicately canny bit of casting, could have been just another brittle monster (and her behaviour throughout *is* monstrous in its effects, her total unwillingness to give an affectionate inch to suffering Conrad, her contempt for what she sees as weakness in her husband), but she has a moment of blunt self-awareness where she shouts her human limitations out, almost enlisting sympathy for her incapacity for understanding, warmth, giving. This is a key-explosion, once and for all establishing that there are people who have learnt to live within their baffled and baffling restrictions, who are irreclaimably alien. Around this chill queen-pin the liberal, humane, difficult business hesitantly revolves.

Knowing he has his father's love, Conrad takes the classic, wrong-headed course of wanting his mother's, absolutely needing it to purge him of a guilt over his brother's drowning. Young Hutton is magnificent in these awful toils, cutting himself off from his burly fellow-students, resigning from the swimming team, fighting a very alert Jewish psychiatrist every minute of his 50-minute hours. There is a girl-friend (delightful Elizabeth McGovern), uncertainly making the initial running, awkwardly letting him down during a confessional instant by laughing when classmates bust drunkenly through their *tête-à-tête* in a restaurant booth, marvellously redeeming the blunder in a late scene of great naturalness. Donald Sutherland, better experienced hitherto as a series of impressive kooks and withheld hard men, here brings an extraordinary nice-guy's ordinariness to the by now classic American stereotype of a bemused, breadwinning, yearning pater-familias, the dad aching across a chasm of unknowing to connect with his son.

And Judd Hirsch as the unconventional psychiatrist Berger boldly and persuasively unshrinks that particular mould, not just by lounging and scratching but by saying sensible things. Hugging goes on; and, if not professional, it feels all right when Berger embraces the kid near-rid of his hypersensitive, unmerited suffering. But dad, too, has to have a last I-love-you embrace as the camera withdraws before the closing credits: and that *is* felt as a stranglehold for sentiment.

Elsewhere, the piece is about as honest, humorous, intelligent, well written and played as anything I have yet to see devoted to American family angst, that line twanging from O'Neill to *I Never Sang for My Father*. This film is on the face of it, and frequently beneath

David Sweetman

Ecole de Soho

In the rank stairwell, the other kids
aerosolled vast cocks like ships' cannon
and tits with eyes that followed you round,
while Ben drew his dreams on envelopes
and ran away to make them true.

No one bothered to report the matter
and he found cinemas, highly individual,
where amateurs of the art come to recall
the avant-garde, that frameless picture
in the dark whose cubist bodies interlock.

Artists of the pissoir, they beg a ride
waving a soft hitch-hiker's thumb.
Like Ben's first patron who laid him
on a rented bed, seeing an early Picasso,
blue in twenty watt chiaroscuro.

* * *

The psychiatrists said: *Draw anything.*
But when he drew a pop-star, mouthing
into a handmike, they saw obsessions,
oral and male, and tried electric shocks.
Now Ben paints walls as white as his mind.

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its surface, about a bitch-mother and a buggered-up son, but there is huge, busy activity passim around the old all-masculine generation-gap: that strangely American seam of disappointments and regrets, finely re-worked.

In the same programme there is a great, good jolt for the cause of short films. Splendidly made by students of our National Film School, Roger Christian's *The Dollar Bottom*, taken from a James Kennaway tale set back in the Fifties, pawkily traces a highly articulate Scottish public schoolboy's scheme for insurance against caning and its hilarious ramifications. I implore you: get your money's worth for once and see the whole bill.

Back at the macho-manufactories, *The Great Santini*, written and directed by that same Lewis John Carlino who scripted last week's inspirational number *Resurrection*, has the excellent Robert Duvall as an appalling Marine Corps jet-pilot ace and super-shit, doing his crass worst to bully his wife and four kids into repellent disciplines that hold his drunken career together. He gets a come-uppance but the outing has endorsed his mirthless myth-status too heavily to save the event for anything but SS-recruitment. *His* older son says, 'I love you,' as well.

Goldie Hawn, who produced, makes the best of three bad plots in *Private Benjamin*, an inexplicable olio. Those within commuter distance of the National Film Theatre are urged to see as much as possible of a superb Stroheim season: he remains one of the true acrid and adult greats. Nor should the Murnau tribute be missed; he still has *The Last Laugh* very much to his credit. And trustworthy sources recommend his painterly version of *Tartuffe* (17 March). A passing greeting to the Electric Cinema, Portobello Road, our liveliest venue for repertory and recuperations: 70th birthday of the premises this year. A word or two on its coming Fred Wiseman showings next week. □

THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

Modern miracles

Faith Healer by BRIAN FRIEL *Royal Court*
The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas by LARRY KING, PETER MASTERSON & CAROL HALL *Drury Lane*
Rowan Atkinson in Revue *Globe*
Bloomers from Brash Street by SIMON NORTH *Old Red Lion*
Reunion and **Dark Pony** by DAVID MAMET *King's Head*

The last few years should have taught us that effective drama can occur pretty well anyhow, anywhere, provided one or more are performing and one or more watching; yet I confess I felt a certain unease at the thought of enduring four consecutive monologues, two-and-a-half hours in toto, on a stage that seemed austere even by Royal Court criteria. Maybe the management should have dispatched those awful chairs back to the schoolroom, returned that slab of cage-like fretwork to the do-it-yourself shop, and gently persuaded Brian Friel to transform his 'play' into the novel it sometimes resembles. And yet, in spite of the odd snoozy patch, the evening began and continued to grow on me. I found myself increasingly fascinated by Patrick Magee's peripatetic faith-healer, with his crooning vowels and graveyard looks, and increasingly struck by the tightly-disciplined blend of tenderness, love, yearning, frustration and pain a grey-faced Helen Mirren was bringing to the part of his wife and widow. I would like to add something about Stephen Lewis, playing their tame impresario; but my own private need for a faith-healer drove me out of the theatre at the interval and I could only read him in the published script. Part of this review unavoidably derives from that.

Still, the play's intelligence and sensitivity are evident, however you approach it. It isn't, as one feared, simply a gratuitous exposé of shamanistic chicanery. Indeed, the faith-healer is conceded to have had his successes, though for reasons he can't explain. But the emphasis is more on his aloof yet obsessed character, on his pride in 'remaking people according to some private standard of excellence', and on the effect of this dedicated Pygmalionism on those doomed to follow him through times thick and thin: the miracle he reportedly perpetrates in the Welsh outback, the stillbirth of his own baby in the Scots hills, wrangling and booze and professional despair, his somewhat mysterious death at the hands of the local savages on a supposedly restorative trip back to his Irish origins. The ironies are obvious enough; yet they, and everything else, are presented in a way that asks rather than answers questions, opens rather than closes minds, tantalises and teases. 'Dramatic' or not, this is an unpretentiously resonant little piece.

'WHOREHOUSE' is a fun musical about prostitution: that is, about contracting out your body to men who repel you until advancing years or venereal rot ends your marketability. But fun musicals are rarely as blunt as this, and *Whorehouse* certainly isn't. It is about a therapeutic pleasure-palace hygienically presided over by a svelte gentlewoman who would be equally at home dancing at Mr Reagan's inaugural ball or playing the understanding mother in a sob-saga by J.M. Barrie: no naughtily language, no exotic canoodlings, nothing but a sort of sexual cocoa, cheerfully served up by ever-willing hands. With the help of such dis-

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tortions, an attitude to things erotic that can best be described as roguish, and a beguiling verve and professionalism of performance and production, the musical successfully manipulates its audience into rejecting virtue as grubbily incarnated by government hypocrites and TV snoopers and wholeheartedly identifying with good old-fashioned vice. By the curtain, some of the respectable faces around me looked ready to go out and start organising petitions for the Sunday opening of parochial brothels paid for out of the church-roof fund. If there's any justice or consistency in the world, *Whorehouse* should do as well as *Oh Calcutta!*, which was half as enjoyable, half as harmless, yet ended by playing to a zillion coach-parties from a billion country WIs.

ROWAN Atkinson has gained in expertise and assurance since I celebrated his debut three years ago, and lost none of his natural blessings, least of all his head, that souvenir-jug just slurped off some remarkably haphazard potter's wheel. He can do little, or even nothing, and still be hilarious: which is just as well, since some of his material explores the far horizons of little or nothing. The best is indebted to schoolhouse or church, or, as in a wonderfully funny sketch in which Atkinson struggles neither to sneeze nor snooze during a spectacularly boring sermon, both at once.

Which leaves me scant, too scant space for the week's remaining offerings: an odd, intriguing piece, perhaps too dense and lacking in definition for the theatre, about *Beano* caricatures in search of solidity and significance in a puzzling, stultifying world; and two short pieces involving a father and his daughter by the most interesting of the younger Americans, David Mamet. See it for *Reunion,* which chronicles an unusually awkward reconciliation with real understanding of the convoluted feelings of two people who haven't seen each other for decades. Don and Susannah Fellows, progenitor and progeny in fact as in fiction, play it with big smiles, wary eyes and nerves doing subcutaneous double-somersaults. □

ART

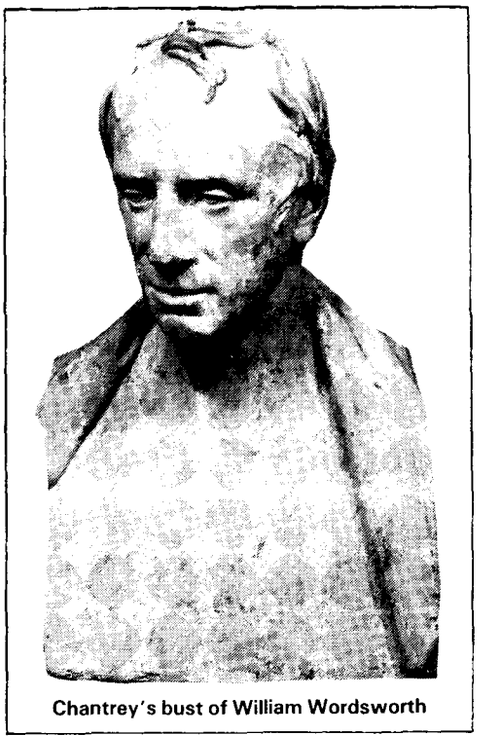
John Spurling

The man who copied the great

Sir Francis Chantrey *National Portrait Gallery, until 15 March; then Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, April-May*

If you go carefully through the Tate's Modern collection you'll find that a good proportion of the least modern works by British artists were presented 'under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest'. All three of the Tate's Munnings, both its Laura Knights, 3 out of 5 of its Lucien Pissarros, 2 out of 3 of its Henry Scott Tukes and Gerald Kellys, 5 George Clausens, 7 Stanley Spencers, 3 Gilbert Spencers and 2 Hamo Thorneycrofts are Chantrey presentations. The living artists favoured in this way include Carel Weight (5 out of 5), Ruskin Spear (3 out of 3), Euan Uglow, John Piper, Robert Buhler, Tristram Hillier and Roger de Grey. A suspiciously Royal Academy selection, you might say, and you'd be right.

Sir Francis Chantrey, the leading portrait-sculptor of his day, died in 1841 leaving his fortune of £150,000 to the RA for the purchase of paintings and sculptures by British artists or wholly executed in Britain. There was at the time, of course, no Tate and no national collection of British art, but Chantrey looked forward to one and, with the opening of the Tate in 1897, his bequest (whose annual income was then £2000 to £3000) became an important source of public patronage.



Chantrey's bust of William Wordsworth

Unfortunately, as D. S. MacColl, Keeper of the Tate, pointed out in 1903, it was more or less confined to works exhibited at the RA, and in spite of some scandal and an adverse report by a House of Lords Select Committee, so it remained until 1922, when the RA agreed to consult the Tate before purchases were made. If the result still seems rather old-world — the Chantrey acquisitions in the period 1976-78 were paintings by Allan Gwynne-Jones, John Nash, Marianne Stokes and Leon Underwood,

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all born in the last century — some might see that as a valuable corrective to the more up-to-the-minute choices of the Tate itself.

Chantrey came from a village near Sheffield where his father was a tenant farmer and carpenter; he was apprenticed to an ornamental woodcarver and claimed that he had 'never received an hour's instruction from any sculptor in my life'. He sounds to have been a true Yorkshireman, who turned aside a visitor's extravagant praise with the remark 'I'd rather be a-fishing', was celebrated in Samuel Smiles's *Self-Help* and hated 'fine words, particularly mawkish words like "sentiment".' He also hated allegory and its 'imaginary beings' and said that 'to produce any real effect, we must copy man, we must represent his actions, and display his emotions'.

His smooth white portrait busts of 'the great and the good' are the perfect embodiment of that solid, all-round achievement — in science, letters, arts, industry, war and politics —which, in the period after the Napoleonic Wars, gave the British their sense of national confidence, burst out in all directions for the next half-century and only declined into empty self-importance at about the time Chantrey's Trustees were beginning to spend his money. Where Lawrence's portraits, often of the same sitters, are Romantic, flashy and theatrical, Chantrey's are sternly sensitive, a mixture of Roman Republican realism with Neo-Classical civility. The marble smoothness of the surface is frequently belied by the characteristically pugnacious forward-and-down thrust of the heads, as if, armless on their pedestals, they were prepared to butt their way through the world.

Of course Chantrey did not sculpt just anyone. He charged prices high enough to keep nonentities from his door and openly admitted that 'all his efforts had been directed quite expressly to the portrayal of his contemporaries and only those who had distinguished themselves on behalf of their country, preferably those he knew himself'. Watt, Faraday and Banks, Scott, Southey and Wordsworth, Canning and Peel, Nelson and Wellington were among his sitters — people he hardly needed to flatter with a spurious masterfulness, but only, as he said, to copy. His method combined mathematical precision with swift attack; he began with life-size drawings from the image thrown by a *camera lucida,* but in the final stages of the model liked his sitters to walk about, talk and make jokes. When it came to those 'born great', such as George IV and William IV, Chantrey did not flatter, except in placing the head at a haughty angle. Both appear as somewhat raffish sensualists, Romans of a more decadent vintage than their distinguished subjects. Both, however, were delighted with their portraits and William even got Chantrey to make a monument to his former mistress, the actresss Mrs Jordan (who seems to have escaped being an ancestress of Lady Diana Spencer). The completed, clothed version is in Buckingham Palace, but the clay model in this exhibition shows Mrs Jordan naked, with two small royal children attached. With its rudimentary head and heavy legs it could very well pass, in the dusk with the light behind it, for an early Moore.

This bicentenary revival is an overdue reminder of how thoroughly Chantrey deserved his phenomenal success. It is a moot point whether he would object more to what has been bought for the Tate with his money or to what has been bought for it by other means. He was a man who, as this admirable exhibition makes clear, was proud of himself and his fellow-countrymen and despised mediocrity and lack of ambition. □

Weekend competition

No 2658 **Set by Aspley Pitstone**

We must presume that the Poet Laureate is waiting until July before presenting his animadversions on the Burning Issue Of The Day (to wit, Chas and Di), so let's launch a pre-emptive strike. Up to 16 lines of verse, not necessarily in the style of the Betj., which deal with the subject in a manner in keeping with the Spirit of the '80s. By 20 March.

No 2655 **Set by John Sweetman**

An *NS* leader by Arthur Marshall.

Report **By Fat Jeff**

The sage of Appleton will be shocked ('Did you ever!') and may complain that the style is not always faithful to the original ('All those parentheses! My doctor's instructed me to cut down') but he will not, one hopes, be litigious. It's *tone* that counts, and in this you distinguished yourselves and amply justified the award of nine green rectangles per winner.

Well now (a thumb through my back copies (perks of a regular contributor) confirms that no *NS* leader has begun this way before), readers (not to be confused with purchasers — shame on you if you are reading this in a public library) of the *New Statesman* (founded 1913 (same year as the appointment of first woman magistrate (unlucky for some) in Britain)), published every Friday (save that which is called 'Good'), priced 45p (used to be 6d and much fatter)), will be aware, without this old word-cobbler from Devon (Pop.(1961) 822,906 (has nobody counted us since then?)) drawing it to their attention, that I usually feel my way gingerly into articles, like pulling on ancient gumboots. Leader writing is like squeezing into stiff new brogues (hand-lasted for feet) and cramps my style.

However, moving on at a pace that will leave breathless all but the fittest snail. . . .

V. Ernest Cox

The new Social Democratic Party is hardly the greatest spectacle since *Chu Chin Chow* (will it run as long?), and since its launching coincided with the Bultitudes' annual tennis week ('Giles and Bunty look forward to your company — whist in the conservatory if wet') it has created little enthusiasm here in Appleton. Dr Owen is admittedly a Devon MP, but from exotic Plymouth (all those sailors!), and, since the member will stand no more (pardon the expression), Devonians associate him rather with Limehouse, a place inhabited in boyhood literature by murderous, opium-smoking Chinks. Mrs Williams evokes more local interest (did her earnest socialist parents really name her after the precocious but scarcely serious Shirley Temple?), but much of it non-political. One longs, despite the wretched Buzzby, to ring her up and whisper a few hints about what the Frogs call *coiffure* and *haute couture.*

R.D. Condon

Alert *New Statesman* readers (and which of you is anything but alert?) will not have failed to notice that the government is currently led by a respectable married lady whose name is Margaret Thatcher (which conjures delightful visions of my neighbour, Margaret, the vicar's charming sister, standing on the highest rungs of a ladder doing interesting things with plaited straw on the roof of the Rectory, an activity which she carries out whilst wearing a pair of those fetching and practical blue trousers, very popular nowadays, which are called jeans — so much more sensible than the frilly frocks which my dear housemaster's wife used to sport for her ascents to the pavilion roof in quest for lost balls, to the speculative delight, I am ashamed to say, of us boys, lacking, as we did, that Innocence of Spirit that so illuminated the boyhood of the poet Wordsworth). But I digress.

Gerard Benson

Our main article this week is (once again) concerned with the practice of telephone tapping, about which, I am told, there is much to complain of concerning its extent and reprehensible social and political consequences ('Pitch it strong, Arthur!'). Down in South Devon, we not only expect all our telephone calls to be overheard, but welcome the inevitable interventions in all conversations by the excellent Maisie Peascod ('Tell them what the milkman told you Mr Marshall!'). It is useful in other ways, helping rather than hindering our social life ('Mrs Peascod says the mobile library van has that book on Dorothy Dix you wanted, and they're going early this week on account of making up for the WI play'). Not that I wish to run down that nice Mr Campbell, who tells me that he once spoke to my beloved Beatrice Lillie. . .

Harrison Everard

Regular readers, and thank heavens for such fortitude, the sort that brings out the voluminous hankies of our gallant publishers for a dab or two, stout hearts indeed, but the sort who find in 'Publish And Be Damned' a worrisome ambiguity, will happily concur ('A.M. is on the ball: he should be P.M.!') with our attitude to the EEC. This broad, not to say corpulent, church of congregants delights ('Your mountain or mine?') in buttering up the frogs, a culinary procedure unknown, or foreign perhaps, to Appleton's happy denizens. When it comes to the crunch (the sort of amiable sound, one hopes, if not prays, that will accompany the Apocalypse, whether of goatish or, more likely, sheepish disposition), we incline, and no disrespect to frog feminists intended, to utter those ultimate *bons mots* 'No, No, Nanette!'

Will Bellenger

Simon Rae

Jets

On the other side of the hill
the base is laid out

under its acupuncture course
of early-warning aerials.

Two jets circle the estate
like a couple of athletes

warming up round a perimeter track.
At the opening of a neural hinge

inside a computer they vanish,
towing their surf trails

through the skies of three counties,
to return in ten minutes

as rumours of a torrent
approaching down a conduit,

as a giant's thumb-nail drawn
across the sky's vibrating blackboard

at an impossible velocity.
The elms throw up their hands

in histrionic surrender;
the cattle stolidly continue

drowsing at their moorings
in gently tidal grass.

Stick tucked under his arm
and bending like a skier,

a solitary spy
rests a note-pad on his knee

and scribbles furiously,
one eye cocked to the sky.

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Tony Miles

Chess

No 220 **Polugaevski's new book**

In the last few years a number of mediocre Russian chess books have been translated into English. A new and notable exception to these is *Grandmaster Preparation* by Lev Polugaevski, published by Pergamon at £8.80 hard cover, £4.90 flexicover. The book was only written in 1977 and includes additional material by the author up to last year. Polugaevski is one of the most meticulous and hard-working GMs in the world today and he explains in depth his approach to opening preparation, adjournment analysis and general preparation for a game.

Some of his adjournment analyses are remarkable. Often he mentions the amount of time devoted to them: 10 hours! — 15 hours! — 20 hours!! (It should be mentioned that these are from tournaments played on the Russian system of one 5 hour session a day with a specified day for adjournment, which puts a premium on the presence of a trainer.) I would dearly like to quote one of his examples but it would take pages.

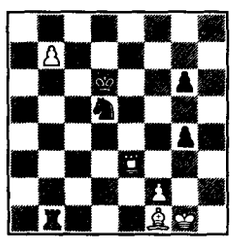
On opening analysis there is a vast section — an opening book in itself — on the origin, development and analysis of the dreaded Polugaevski variation of the Najdorf Sicilian updated, with a short review of his games against Tal from last year's candidates' matches and a good deal of other odds and ends. One striking example of the possible rewards of deep penetration is the following game. Polugavski relates that in 1969 he, in readiness for his match with A. Zaitsev for the Soviet championship and Spassky, for his world match with Petrosian, did some joint opening analysis. The main line in question, however, was used in neither match but later that year Polu had the chance to test it against Tal. Before the game he was chalking the variations when Geller came to visit him and was surprised to find a position from the deepest middlegame set up. 'Oh' said Polu nonchantly, 'it will probably occur in my game today'!

White: L. Polugaevski **Black M. Tal**

1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-K3; 3.N-KB3, P-Q4; 4.N-B3, P-B4; 5.BPxP, NxP; 6.P-K4, NxN; 7.PxN, PxP; 8.PxP, B-N5ch; 9.B-Q2, BxBch; 10.QxB, 0-0; 11.B-B4, N-B3; 12.0-0, P-QN3; 13.QR-Q1! B-N2; 14.KR-K1, N-R4. (Petrosian deviated here with 14 . . . R-B1 though after 15.P-Q5, PxP; 16.BxP White was better and went on to win.) **15.B-Q3, R-B1; 16,P-Q5! PxP; 17.P-K5!** (this pawn sacrifice yields a dangerous kingside attack) **N-B5; 18.Q-B4, N-N7; 19.BxPch! KxB; 20.N-N5ch, K-N3; 21.P-KR4!!** (the point of the whole combination: this quiet move threatens mate by 22.P-R5ch, KxP; 23.P-N4ch etc and Black has only one reasonable defence) **R-B5** (if . . . P-B4; 22.R-Q4!) **22.P-R5ch, K-R3; 23.NxPch, K-R2; 24.Q-B5ch, K-N1; 25.P-K6!** (. . . and this was the position Geller saw! Now 25 . . . Q-K2; 26.P-R6! is neat so Black is lost. In addition he was in serious time trouble whereas White had used just a few minutes!) . . . **Q-B3; 26.QxQ, PxQ; 27.R-Q2, R-B3; 28.RxN, R-K1; 29.N-R6ch, K-R2; 30.N-B5, R(B)xP; 31.RxR, RxR; 32.R-B2, R-B3; 33.R-K2! B-B1; 34.R-K7ch, K-R1; 35.N-R4, P-B4; 36.N-N6ch, K-N1; 37.RxP. Resigns.**

Problem 220

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 18 March.

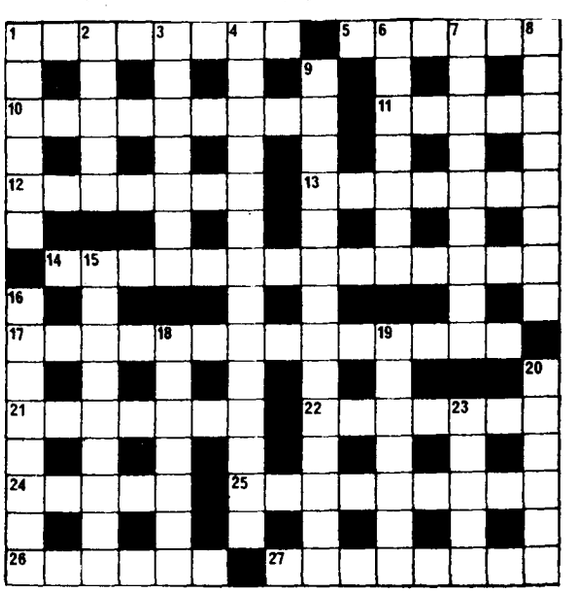


Solution to problem 218

1.B-B6! Resigns. If 1 . . . QxQ; 2. RxQ wins, or 1 . . . QxB; 2. QxRch! KxQ; 3. R-K8mate.

Weekend Crossword 1375

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1375, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by 17 March.



ACROSS

1 Height of bird seen in a strange duel (8)
5 Experts look back in the most pedantic manner (6)
10 There would be reduced opportunity if there were no foreigner in the bus (9)
11 Country back in the breezy south (5)
12 Mountain featured in improvised vocal number (7)
13 Ashamed when female is in a wicked environment (7)
14 Thus employed her gas cooker to provide a meal (6,8)
17 Broadcasting activity for making reliable archives? (5,9)
21 Race-course official shows that half the test is in the turf (7)
22 Where life is mixed up in death (7)
24 Continue to play part of a famous historian (5)
25 In this the learner is confounded by extreme sceptics (9)
26 Spirits with nothing to drink on their advertisements (6)
27 The fellow after the vote was an M.P. (8)

DOWN

1 Caught in an affair in a secluded place (6)
2 Draw in an extra illustration (5)
3 Fixed up about a container for the groceries (7)
4 No virgin returns at the start of this anniversary (7,7)
6 Wrongly praised for being a giant (7)
7 Temple in which no snare is put up with a bird in it (9)
8 In a reckless way comrades go back to the line (8)
9 Collect with difficulty to form a string ensemble? (6,8)
15 The tune Polly played so richly (9)
16 A tree has to put up with what a smoker might use (8)
18 Was not dry at the beginning of the day, but also not flooded (7)
19 Passes, being fed up with foreign islands (7)
20 Inventor reverses the end of the game (6)
23 Where poems are translated (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1374

S	L	I	P	S	H	O	D		B	U	N	D	L	E
U		N		P		Y				P		E		A
B	U	S	R	I	D	E	S		S	P	A	S	M	S
W		E		D		R				S		C		T
A	C	T	R	E	S	S			S	P	A	R	R	O	W
Y		S		R		T		E		L		I		A
			S	T	A	R	C	H	A	M	B	E	R	
S		S				F		R				E		D
C	O	P	P	E	R	F	I	E	L	D				
A		A		M		E		T		E		A		S
R	A	L	L	I	E	D		A	R	S	E	N	I	C
C		P		R				R		P		G		H
I	C	E	C	A	P		M	I	N	I	M	I	S	E
T		E		T				E		T		N		M
Y	O	N	D	E	R		A	S	P	E	R	A	T	E

Prizewinners to No 1374

J.F. Kahn (Novaggio)

David J. Pack (Southsea)

J. Richardson (St John's, Nfld)

Note: as solvers will realise, there should have been no headings for clues in Salamanca 39 last week.

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at above address.

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Accommodation Vacant

BIRMINGHAM: shared house/rent. 20 mins from Centre/Univ., 18 25 years. Quiet person. references. box 796.

COMFORTABLE basement flat W11, to let 4 weeks April. Sitting rm, 2 bdrms, kitchenette, bath. Careful tenants only. References reqd. £60 p.w. Tel. 01-727 6204 or 01-727 1975.

HIGHBURY, N5. Furnished 3 bed house, c.h., garden, vacated recently by American academic family, avail. 3 or 4 months, £60 p.w. inc rates. Box 793.

PLEASANT bed-sitting room with full use of kitchen and rest of house, offered free, in exchange for some services urgently needed by busy professional couple, at wk ends and occas. evenings. Dog and cat, nr Kew Gardens Stn. References reqd. Box 792.

NW5: BEDSIT. in warm, modern house Suit Quiet male. £21 p.w. 01-485 5896.

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NON-SMOKING professional person wanted to share large house in N1, with one other. £15 p.w. Ring 01-359 0708.

OWN ROOM, large Crouch End flat, for person 25-35. £38 p.m. 01-340 8573 after 6.30 p.m.

PLEASANT, quiet, centrally heated room, Isleworth. £14 p.w. Box 781.

Accommodation Wanted

NIGERIAN JUDGE seeks rented accommodation, for 3 weeks in August. Box 718.

VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords, we urgently require flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 01-580 6275/9.

Publications

ASIA & AFRICA Catalogues issued. A.C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Mdx.

BOOKS ON JAPAN. Far East; rare, secondhand, out-of-print. The Eastern Traveller Bookshop, 45 Burton Street, London WC1. Tel. 01-388 6080.

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also review copies Politics, History, Sociology. ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP, Secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment 01-405 8643.

OUT OF PRINT Book Service, 17 Fairwater Grove (E), Cardiff. S.a.e. for details.

OUTPOSTS. Poems invited for future issues. S.a.e. to Howard Sergeant, 72 Burwood Rd, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, KT12 4AL.

REVIEW COPIES and others in fine condition bought by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 5822.

STATE EDUCATION Under Attack: author wants agent/publisher to take completed typescript setting out effects of Tory policies, harm done by the Great Debate. Box 789.

Schools

WYCHWOOD GIRLS SCHOOL. Oxford, 11 to University age, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal Mrs J. E. Schuller MA.

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GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Tel: 01-580 1885.

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TEAMWORKER TYPISTS (NW3). Intell., accurate, fast. Books/theses. 01-267 0673.

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INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOTHERAPY with Lacanian approach. Please write Box 654.

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APPOINTMENTS

The Australian National University
Research School of Social Sciences

SOCIAL JUSTICE IN AUSTRALIA

RESEARCH FELLOWS/SENIOR RESEARCH FELLOWS ECONOMISTS

Equity, fairness or justice are some of the main criteria by which the *distribution of income, wealth, access to goods and services, rights,* privileges and powers between individuals and groups is judged.
The research School of Social Sciences is embarking on a multi-disciplinary research programme to examine these distributions to determine whether, and if so why, they are regarded as equitable; how they have been influenced by government policies; the trade-offs made between equity and other objectives (especially efficiency); how views about equitability in these areas have changed and the processes and mechanisms by which changes in what was regarded as equitable have been brought about.
The programme will attempt to answer questions such as: what is happening to Australian society such that health, education and so on become fields for an equity investigation? How does one field bear on another? What are the structuring forces that unite them? How are political, administrative and social decisions about priorities and objectives made? What is the weight given equity in those decision-making processes? Why is equity perceived to be important in some fields and not in others?
Applications are now sought from economists and other social scientists to work on projects in health, education, welfare or wealth distribution. Applicants should indicate what they propose to do and estimate how long they expect to take. Appointment as Research Fellow/Senior Research Fellow is normally for two or three years. Applications will also be welcome from researchers who are well advanced on work in one of these areas and who would prefer a short period on leave without pay or secondment from their present position to complete their research.
Enquiries may be directed to Professor G. M. Neutze (062) 492340 in the University.

Urban Research Unit

POSTDOCTORAL FELLOWSHIP/RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP/ SENIOR RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP

The Urban Research Unit is a small multi-disciplinary group of scholars working on various aspects of urban areas in Australia. It is currently working in four main areas:
Housing:— housing policy; operation of submarkets; home ownership and its impact on the city; finance.
Urban decision making:— planning; administration; management; local government. Distributional outcomes of public and private investment in urban services.
Employment/Unemployment:— impact of restructuring; its location.
Applications are invited from social scientists wishing to work in one or other of these areas.
Applicants should indicate what they would propose to do and estimate how long they expect the research to take. As the posts are non-tenured, applications will be accepted from those interested in working in the Unit on secondment or leave without pay from their present position. Enquiries may be directed to Professor G. M. Neutze (062) 492340 in the University.

CLOSING DATE: 27 MARCH 1981

SALARY: Salary on appointment will be in accordance with qualifications and experience within the following ranges: Senior Research Fellow $A26,722-$31,874 per annum; Research Fellow $A19,132-$24,972 per annum; Postdoctoral Fellow a fixed point within the range $A19,132-$24,972 per annum. Current exchange rate $A1 = 49NP.
TERM OF APPOINTMENT: Senior Research Fellow and Research Fellow — Appointment will be for two or three years in the first instance with the possibility of extension to five years; Postdoctoral Fellow — Appointment will be for one or two years. Applications from people able to obtain leave from their own institutions will be welcomed.
Reasonable appointment expenses are paid. Superannuation benefits are available for applicants who are eligible to contribute. Assistance with finding accommodation is provided for an appointee from outside Canberra.
The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.
Prospective applicants should obtain the further particulars from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts.), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF or from the Registrar, PO Box 4, Canberra ACT 2600, Australia.

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR VOLUNTARY ORGANISATIONS

PRESS AND PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER

This important new post located within the Information Department, will provide a stimulating challenge to someone with a record of achievement and success as a Press Officer, and who has a keen interest in social policy and the work of voluntary organisations.

The person appointed will take overall charge of NCVO Press and Public Relations work with support from members of the Information Department staff.

Salary £6,950 — £8,555 + £1,016 London Weighting

Contact:

The Personnel Officer, NCVO, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HU.
or
Tel: 01-636 4066 for application form.

Closing date **19 March 81**

Griffith University School of Humanities

Applications are invited from qualified men and women for teaching positions in an interdisciplinary School of Humanities, in the areas outlined below:

Lecturer:

Social Sciences

The appointee will have well-developed teaching and/or research interests in one of the areas of contemporary comparative/ historical/macro-sociology or political economy, and will contribute to and develop interdisciplinary courses.

Lecturer:

Sociology/Anthropology

The appointee will have well developed teaching and/or research interests in the comparative analysis of cultural and symbolic systems in contemporary societies.

Whilst in each case the appointee's primary teaching responsibilities will be as outlined above, staff of the School are also expected to participate from time to time in the School's single interdisciplinary Foundation Year Programme, and in the Honours programme.

Qualifications: Normally a higher degree in an appropriate area from a recognised university.

Salary will be within the range of: $A19,131.00-$A25,132.00.

Intending applicants should contact the School Administrator in the first instance for further information, and details required in an application.

The successful applicants may take up the positions in November, 1981. Applications should be submitted by **16 April 1981** and should be addressed to:

The School Administrator, School of Humanities, Griffith University, NATHAN Qld. 4111.
Telephone: (07) 275 7266

amnesty international

has a vacancy for a **Researcher** in the Asia region of its London-based International Secretariat. This is a temporary post for five months while the present post-holder is on leave.

Experience of academic research on contemporary China essential. Knowledge of contemporary Laos and Malaysia desirable.

Salary: £619.72 per month.

For a detailed job specification and application form send a sae to:

The Personnel Office, Amnesty International, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF. Tel: 01-836 7788 ext. 289

Closing date for the return of completed forms: **18 March 1981**
Appointment from **27 April 1981**

WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE (UK)

Editor

required for small publication section of an Educational Charity to help initiate and develop WUS Publications including reports and campaign materials. Candidates should have previous editorial experience and a very good understanding of 3rd World development issues. Salary on scale £5,550-£6,555.

For further details contact:

Kathy McGuinness, World University Service (UK), 20-21 Compton Terrace, London N1 2UN.

Closing date for completed applications **23 March 1981.**

Cambridgeshire Council on Alcoholism

DIRECTOR

We are seeking a person able to get a new Organisation off the ground. The Director must be concerned with problems associated with alcohol abuse; sympathetic to the needs of problem drinkers and their families; able to work closely with statutory and voluntary workers and organise education for professionals and general public.

Further information and details from **Mr J. S. Dale, Hon. Secretary, c/o Buckle & Co., Solicitors, 51 Priestgate, Peterborough.**
Closing date for applications **1 April 1981.**

LABOUR MEMBER EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT
requires
RESEARCH ASSISTANT
willing to travel. Ability to drive, type and speak a foreign language desirable.
Apply: **British Labour Group, 2 Queen Anne's Gate, London SW1.**

THE BOOKPLACE, Community Bookshop, adult education and local publishing project requires worker to join team. S/he will work in bookshop, other joint activities and take responsibility for Publishing Project (including administration, finance, publicity) from encouragement of local writing to production of books. £5,400 (under review) Details from Bookplace, 13 Peckham High Street, SE15. Closing date 25 March.

OVER 48% of **NEW STATESMAN** readers are Trade Union members. That's why over 30 Trade Unions advertised more than 80 different jobs in this column in 1980. Appointments advertising works in the New Statesman. Ring 01-405 4911/2/3. For details.

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NEW STATESMAN seeks

ASSISTANT ART/PRODUCTION EDITOR

This is an exciting job for someone lively, fast-working and versatile with some experience (say, two years) in layout and production on a news journal or newspaper.

Most of the NEW STATESMAN is written, laid-out, typeset and page-proofed between Monday and Wednesday for on-sale Thursday.

This job is to assist the Art Editor and Production Manager in: picture research, maintaining picture library, drawing maps/graphs, laying out pages, rough paste-ups, and coping with late changes to pages.

Personal qualities include thoroughness, flexibility and good humour under pressure: if you can type and proof-read as well, you're almost perfect!

Salary is about £5,000 (more for the ideal candidate) plus £300 expenses as reading allowance, LVs, pension, etc. Our office is off High Holborn (Central Line, lots of buses). Please study the NEW STATESMAN to familiarise yourself with the job.

Write, describing your work experience, to: Johnny Johnson, Chief Executive, NEW STATESMAN, 10 Great Turnstile, WC1. Tel: 01-405 8471.

NEW STATESMAN

Appointment Wanted

DARTINGTON HALL. Will anyone employ ex-pupil, Seventies vintage? Box 748.

Birth

KELLNER: On 1 March to Sally (nee Collard) and Peter a son (Michael Thomas Nesic), a brother for Tara and Kate.

Mail Order

ANTI NUCLEAR/Peace Badges 20p, T-Shirts £1.50, stickers all sizes, bulk discounts. Leeds Anti Nuclear Group, 20 Kelso Road, Leeds 2. Free catalogue 0532 446795.

Personal

IF YOU LIKE buying your 'Introductions' and haunting lonely hearts clubs — fine! If not . . . find out about Nexus. Phone for the brochure: London 359 7415/7656, Glasgow 221 1090, Manchester 834 9864, Leeds 445186, Bristol 279528, Oxford 721820, Newcastle 607645, Southampton 786967, Brighton 775578.

ACCOMMODATION and keep, in exchange for keep at Lambing, March, April, May. Experience unnecessary. Box 767.

A FLASK OF WINE A BOOK OF VERSE and no one to share 'em? Well, don't just sit there. Contact 'Status', the premier and reputable intro service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

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ASTROLOGER offers Birth Chart and written character analysis £10, including Two Year Future Trends £15. Alternatively, all on cassette £12. Details: John Willmott, Millbrae, Bunessan, Mull, Argyll.

ATTRACTIVE, Hindu divorcee, 39, with daughter, 14, seeks well settled, prof. gentleman, 40-45. View marriage. Box 365.

ATTRACTIVE, intelligent lady, mid-forties, seeks single, compassionate man, similar age, to talk, laugh with. Box 735.

AUTHORS INVITED SUBMIT MSS, all types (including poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Ltd, Ilfracombe. Established 1898).

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RED, BLUESTOCKING, late 30s, vivacious brunette, would be tickled pink to find thoughtful, cultured, non-sexist, anti-Thatcher male, as a cure for workaholism and academic blues. Yorks/Lancs/London. Box 778.

SENIOR LECTURER (research) f. 41, travelled, creative, warm & lively, would like to meet compatible man, N. London. Box 763.

UNATTACHED LADY, 45, not particularly attractive, seeks ordinary man, 53/58, Surrey/Sussex, for happy relationship. Box 795.

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WARMTH, TENDERNESS, fun, femininity, and a lively mind, in an attractive physical framework (even if it is 40 years old). Some man could enjoy these and an affectionate friendship, which could take its course, without too many expectations. Box 749.

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WHY PAY OVER THE ODDS FOR DUREX? Choose from our FPA-approved range; 9-sheath sampler £1; 48 Gossamer £5.34; 48 Extra Safe £6.46; RP Parcels (5 brands, £6.16 value; £4) (7 brands, £9.06 value: £6). Full details and free 'expert's guide' with your first order. Dept NSN29, FP Sales Ltd, 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford OX4 3SZ.

WIDOW, Central London, wishes to meet high executive, sincere, 60+. Companionship. Box 750.

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Meetings

1300 YEARS OF THE BULGARIAN STATE (681-1981)

The British-Bulgarian Friendship Society is proud to announce that on **Sunday, 8 March at 4.30 pm** at the Oliver Thompson Theatre, City University, Northampton Sq., London EC1 (nearest tube: Angel) a special tribute will be paid to the Bulgarian people who thanks to their courage and successful mass resistance saved **ALL Bulgarian Jews from death camps.**

BULGARIA WAS THE ONLY NAZI-OCCUPIED COUNTRY WHERE NOT A SINGLE JEWISH CITIZEN DIED FOR BEING A JEW

a fact not widely known in the world

The programme will include: a documentary film 'The Death Trains Did Not Leave From Here', exhibition, reception: wine & cheese.

ADMISSION: £1.30 (tickets at the door or booked in advance: tel 01-837 7381 or St Albans 30521)

****EDUCATION IN BULGARIA** — Easter Tour — 10 days £151.50 — enquiries as above******

HISTORY WORKSHOP LONDON SEMINAR
Fri. 20 March 7.30-9.30 p.m.
'Black Horse', Rathbone Place, W1.
Carlo Ginzburg (Bologna) 'Witchcraft in 16thC Italy'
Mon. 6 April 7.30-9.30
'Bull and Mouth', Bloomsbury Way (nr British Museum)
Teodor Shanin (Manchester)
'Karl Marx, the Peasantry and Revolutionary Russia'.
Club Rm, 1st Floor; adm. free. Collection.

WOMEN, WORK AND EDUCATION

Some recent research of WOMEN IN SOCIETY during the last 100 years. Conference at **Roehampton Institute of Higher Education, 12 & 13 of March.** Admission free, for details contact:
Dr Beryl Madoc-Jones, Southlands College, Wimbledon Parkside, London SW19 5NN. Tel. 01-946 2234.

SCIENCE IDEOLOGY AND UNIVERSITY RESEARCH
One day conference organised by University Staffs Left Group
Speakers include: **Professor Steven Rose (OU), Mike George (CAITS)**
Venue: **Birmingham University, Saturday 21 March, 10.15-5.00**
Details: **Dr Wilfred van der Will, Department of German, University of Birmingham. Tel: 021-472 1301**

WHAT IS BUDDHISM?
find out first from
THE BUDDHIST SOCIETY
58 ECCLESTON SQUARE, SW1.
TEL: 834 5858
11 March 1981
'BUDDHISM IN BRIEF'
Christmas Humphreys
Free Public Lecture

BROTHERHOOD and the Socio-Spiritual Revolution. Day Conference from 10-6 Sat. 14 March on practical brotherhood, small communities and seed groups. With Satish Kumar, John Sinclair, David Best. £2. For details of this and other events, classes, free lectures and library, send s.a.e. to the Theosophical Society (ref.NS), 50 Gloucester Place, London W1H 3HJ. Tel: 01-935 9261.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

DIVORCE LAW REFORM — Leo Abse, MP and a panel of speakers from Families Need Fathers. 2.30 p.m. Sunday 15 March, Swiss Parlour, YWCA, 16 Great Russell Street, London WC1.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun. 8 March 8 p.m. Open Q/A Meeting 'The Mystery of Man' ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Poetry

POETS FOR EL SALVADOR
10 March-15 March
OLD RED LION THEATRE
St John Street, Islington, EC1
BOX OFFICE TEL: 01-837 7816
8 P.M.

From Tuesday, 10 March, the following poets will be reading their work in support of the El Salvador Human Rights Group. Latin American music each night.
Tues. 10 — Fleur Adcock, Blake Morrison.
Wed. 11 — Anne Stevenson, Paul Dunbar, Anne Beresford.
Thurs. 12 — Craig Raine, Vicki Feaver.
Fri. 13 — Christopher Reid, Paul Binding, Nicky Jakowska.
Sat. 14 — David Harsent, Simon North, Michael Hoffman.
Sun. 15 — Andrew Motion, Mark Abley, Petra Regent.
For more information about the readings contact either Paul Binding on 01-370 2960 or Simon North on 01-228 4415
All proceeds to the EL SALVADOR HUMAN RIGHTS GROUP. For more information about the group, write to them at: 29 Gerrard House, Briant Street, London SE14.

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CANADIAN ACADEMIC, 47, resident in Australia, good-humoured, sensitive, somewhat unconventional, seeks correspondence with view to relationship, perhaps marriage, from a cultivated lady up to 45 or so. Children no objection. I love travel, languages, theatre, arts and politics — but am fanatical about music — especially Baroque/Classical. Excellent health but sexuality greatly diminished due to a tropical misadventure 11 years ago. Of my 5 children only the youngest (boy 12) still lives with me. All replies answered (with small photo, etc). Strict confidentiality guaranteed. I seek a warm person, not a nationality, so race or language is of no consideration. Box 736.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

GRADUATE socialist, divorcee, 39, teenage children, interests theatre, music, cinema, seeks tall, intellectual, non-smoking male, 40s, for lasting relationship, London. Box 779.

LONELINESS is soul-destroying, laughter the best medicine. Gregarious female, 55, with many interests, wishes to correspond with educated, gentle man. Box 695.

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MATURE, attractive, divorced lady journalist, resident North London, wide tastes, seeks company especially weekends, unattached professional man, age immaterial. Not interested matrimony/instant sex. Box 765.

A PALESTINE STATE? Yes, in Jordan which is 76.9% of Palestine and has majority population of Palestine Arabs. Jordan is Palestine, 30 Baker Street, London W1.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. Details from: The Centre Party, 83 Donnington Court, Donnington Rd, London NW10 3TJ.

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company. 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332 cc 379 6233. 'Passion Play' by Peter Nichols 9 Mar. O'Casey's award winning 'Juno and The Paycock' 10, 11 (m&e), 12, 13, 14 (m&e). RSC also at The Warehouse (836 6808) in 'Television Times' by Peter Prince and 'Naked Robots' by Jonathan Gems. There will be a special playreading of 'Babel' at The Warehouse on 12 March, based on the account of the building of the Tower of Babel in Genesis, the play has been jointly written by members of the RSC Writers' Workshop. RSC also at Piccadilly in Willy Russell's hilarious 'Educating Rita'.

NATIONAL THEATRE 928 2252 Olivier (open stage) 'Othello', 'Hiawatha', 'The Life of Galileo', 'Amadeus'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Provoked Wife'. 'The Browning Version/Harlequinade', 'The Caretaker'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man.' See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

OLD VIC . 928 7616, or 261 1821. 'S'. Mon. Sat. 7.30 p.m. Wed. & Sat. 2 p.m. Winston Ntshona and John Kani in 'Waiting for Godot'. Extended by popular request to 21 March.

THEATREGOERS – please note: cc – credit cards; S-Student standby.

Cinema

ISABEL LETELIER will be speaking at the showing of the feature film on her husband's assassination, 'The Dead Are Not Silent' 7.30 p.m. Monday March 9 Sudbury House, 15 Newgate Street, EC1 (Tube: St Paul's) Admission £1.50. Organised by the Chile Solidarity Campaign.

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Scorsese's 'Raging Bull' (X). 1.45, 4.10, 6.40, 9.10. Book: 435 9787.

Political Publications

Marxism Today
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PLUS REVIEWS AND NOTES

Price 60p from bookshops, some newsagents, and selected W H Smith outlets in central London. By subscription from: **Central Books, 14 The Leathermarket, London SE1 3ER.** Subscription Rate – Inland £7.20 (individuals), £9.60 (institutions), Overseas £9.60 (individuals), £10 (institutions).

Financial

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Courses

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